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Children's Newspaper

The New Number of the C.N. Monthly
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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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CAMP STORY FROM A LONELY ISLAND

TWO MEN IN ANTARCTICA

DARING AND ENDURANCE ON AN ISLAND

Thrilling Tale of a Little Expedition

CRUSOES OF THE SNOWS

That great ocean which leads to the desolation of Antarctica has inspired three masterpieces of English literature. The far South Pacific and its mysteries led to the writing of Gulliver's Travels, Robinson Crusoe, and that deathless poem The Ancient Mariner. Since then the same region has challenged men to deeds which gleam as gems serene in the jewelled story of our nation's heroism.

Now youth is taking its place by the side of the veterans, and two young men have come back to civilisation from these icy wilds with as thrilling a story of daring and endurance as was ever told.

Alone on a Tiny Island

We heard much two years ago about the Imperial Antarctic Expedition which was to explore Antarctica as a picnic party explores a wood on a Saturday jaunt. The great adventure was begun by four young men, though one dropped out. They went without a ship of their own, but managed to get carried down to Graham Land by Norwegian whalers. With Mr. Cope at their head, Mr. T. W. Bagshawe, a Cambridge undergraduate, as geologist, and Mr. M. C. Lester as navigator, the expedition set out.

But the task of crossing a thousand miles of glaciers and mountains was impossible for so small a party, so Mr. Cope went off to Montevideo to get a ship.

For a whole year Bagshawe and Lester were alone on a tiny island in Andvord Bay, off Graham Land, the surface of which was only thirty feet above the sea, surrounded by mountains of ice.

Housekeeping in the Frozen South

They had a dozen dogs; there were thousands of penguins so long as summer lasted; seals came barking up, and occasionally an elephant seal lurched ashore and grunted at the two strange creatures walking on two feet. Thirty seals and 200 penguins were killed and left to freeze for food, and the two men set about housekeeping. They found an old, wrecked boat, covered her with canvas, built a little hut over her, and lived in it for a year.

This was camping out with a vengeance, and done in quite the best Boy Scout spirit. A second hut was raised for stores; candles were kept burning for warmth and light, and when they wanted implements they made them. An old paraffin tin was converted into a marvellous Dutch oven for cooking purposes; other tins were charmed into candlesticks, forks, hand-shovels, and pokers. The sleeping-bags froze daily. Sometimes the ice had to be cracked with an axe, and always the bags had to be thawed before sleep was possible.

Until winter drove them off the penguins were a constant source of interest and amusement; but winter came and the birds went, and there was the horror of the long months of darkness and absolute solitude. Fall upon fall of snow made it necessary to dig out the dogs every few hours, and threatened to destroy the hut by sheer weight.

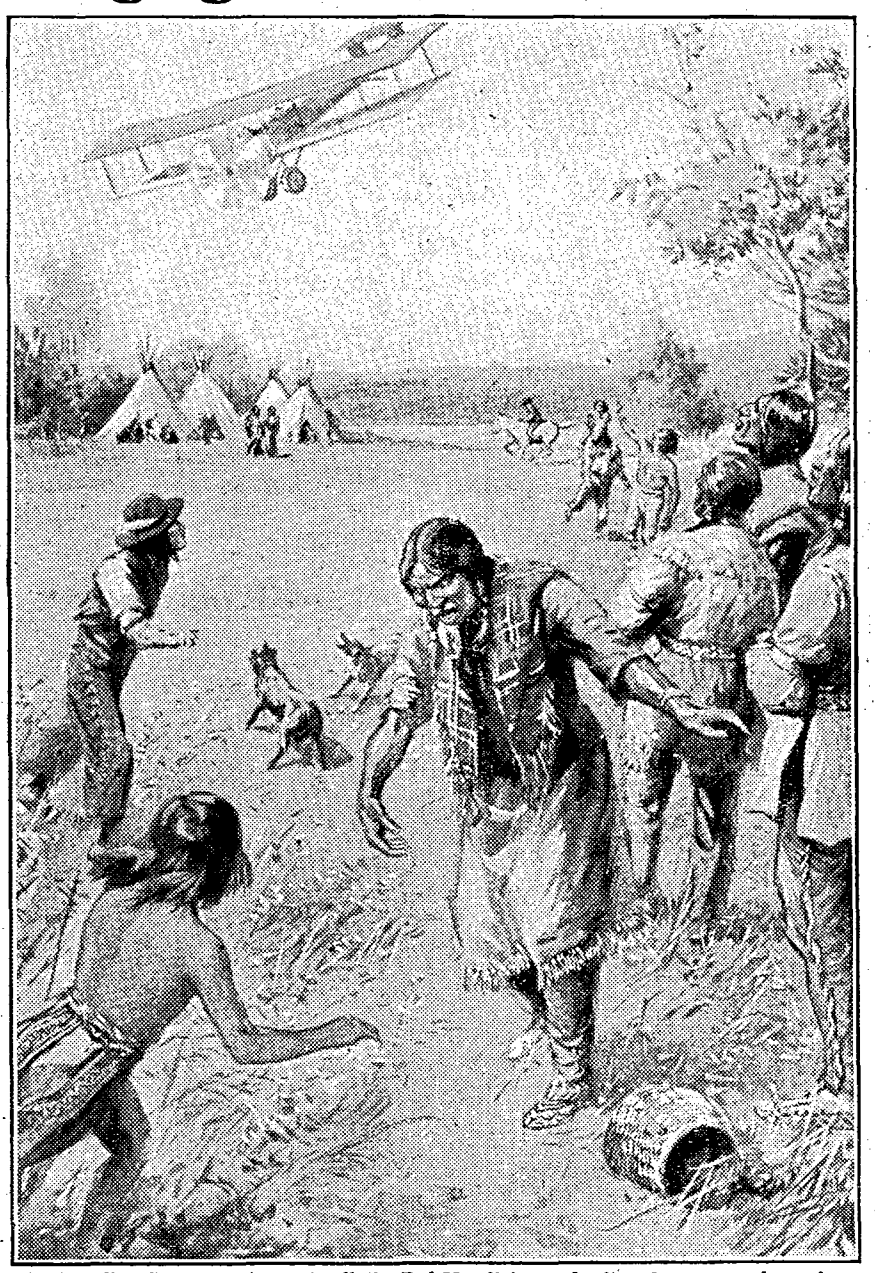
Winter passed, and then came the splendours and terrors of spring, when ice toppled down the mountains in thousands of tons at a time; when all was flood upon the island; when the sea ceased to be solid, but opened into great blue canals, and

> The icebergs passed along
> Like a city in a song.

But deliverance comes even to Antarctic Crusoes—unless death gets there first. News of their isolation had reached civilisation, and one glad morning there came a little whaler into the bay. It had come from Norway to find their bodies, for it was thought they were dead. The pious Norsemen had brought with them an English prayer-book, from which to read the burial service over the bodies.

But the two youngsters were as lively as the penguins around them. They made everything fast and snug, locked up the rest of their stores, went aboard the whaler, did a long cruise with her, and in five months were home in England to tell their story. *Pictures on page 7*

Bringing the Red Man's Pension



The Canadian Government pays to all the Red Men living under its rule an annual pension, which is sent to the more remote districts by aeroplane. Here the C.N. artist shows the scene of wonder and surprise when the airman descends from the sky. See page 2

SPEED OF A BABY CAR

All records were broken on a Florida racecourse recently, when a racing motor-car reached the amazing speed of over 180 miles an hour.

The car was driven by a 250-horse-power aluminium hydroplane motor, and its body was stream-lined. The most wonderful thing about the car was that the body was only 20 inches wide, giving just enough room for the driver.

THE NIGHT OF BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

KING WHO RODE INTO BABYLON

Story Recalled by a Handful of Coins

GOLD OF CROESUS

It is a dramatic coincidence that two of the most renowned figures in ancient history should be in the news together, discussed with the matter-of-fact realism that would apply to events and men of today.

The richest man known to history was Croesus, who lived nearly six centuries before Jesus. The man who overthrew him was Cyrus the Great, of whom we read in the Bible.

Croesus, king of Lydia, was a kindly ruler, who, among other reforms, gave his country a coinage of gold. Disputes led him to war with Cyrus, King of Persia, who besieged and conquered him in Sardis, his capital. Sardis now lies beneath twenty-five centuries of rubbish, and a squalid little Turkish village squats over it, like a toad on buried beauty.

Buried Treasure

But, in the ruins, exploring scientists have come upon a tomb which has revealed something of the past. In the tomb was a vase, and in the vase were thirty of the superb gold coins which Croesus minted. They were buried there, it is supposed, when the hosts of Cyrus were thundering at the walls of the doomed capital.

And now it is announced, concerning Cyrus, that an English soldier has done him reverence. General Sir Percy Sykes, during his stay in Persia, found the grave of the great ruler. Its masonry was split in twain by a tree which had grown from within. Sir Percy had the tree cut away, the masonry sealed and concreted afresh, and left peace within the walls of the man who redeemed the Jews from their captivity in Babylon and allowed them to return to rebuild their temple in Jerusalem.

A Memorable Night

There is little doubt in the minds of students of the Bible that the entry of Cyrus into Babylon occurred on the terrible night described in the Book of Daniel, the night of the writing on the wall at the feast of Belshazzar. Daniel speaks of Darius the Median as taking the Kingdom of Babylon on the death of Belshazzar; but we are not quite clear as to who Darius was. He may have been Cyrus himself, or possibly a governor appointed by him.

Cyrus knew Daniel, and Daniel knew Cyrus, and though they were of different faiths they must have respected one another. We know not where great Daniel is buried, but we know where Cyrus rests, and a British soldier has done him a worthy honour. *See World Map*

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TROUBLER OF RUSSIA GOES

LENIN LAYS DOWN HIS POWER

Exile Who Made Himself as Powerful as the Tsar

A DISASTROUS REIGN

Lenin has laid down his power in Russia; and the retirement of the man who is generally regarded as the evil genius of the Russian revolution removes from the world's stage one of the most extraordinary figures that have ever appeared on it.

By most people outside Russia, Vladimir Oulianoff, who long ago took as his pen-name Lenin, is denounced as a demon. By a vast number in Russia he is revered almost as a god. A man of rare intellectual capacity and excellent intentions, he has, nevertheless, brought innumerable disasters on his country. Armed only with his ideas and with the wide reputation which his writings, secretly circulated in immense quantities during the last years of the Tsardom, had won for him, he made himself a ruler more powerful than any Tsar since Peter the Great.

The Revolutionary Returns

Unhappily, his ideas were those of a theorist, while the methods by which he put them into practice were those of a fanatic. He believed it possible to force great changes upon a people in a very short space of time. He thought he could abolish money. He supposed that all nations were ready to follow his lead. He did not understand that changes must grow and that force is futile as a means of improving the world.

Lenin has been a revolutionary ever since his student days. He belonged to an aristocratic family and was exiled for his opinions. For many years he lived in Switzerland, working out his theories, writing pamphlets and articles designed to stir up the Russian people to overthrow the Tsardom.

When it was overthrown he saw that his chance had come. He was the best known of all the revolutionary leaders, but he was in Switzerland. His one chance of getting quickly back to Russia was to induce the Germans to let him travel through Germany. The Kaiser's government gave permission, in the hope that still further confusion would be created in Russia.

A Great Failure

He had to wait several months before his chance to seize power came. In October, 1917, he took it, and as long as his health lasted he kept it, though the country went from bad to worse, and at last was obliged to beg for aid from other countries to save twenty millions of people from death by famine.

In his endeavour to make his theories work he was as ruthless as the Tsars; indeed, he adopted most of their methods. The hatefulness of those methods has been brought into stronger light during the last four years, into which the Bolsheviks have crammed as much of them as would have been spread over a much longer period under the Tsar.

Who now will be the guiding influence in Russia is uncertain.

THE WORDS MOST USED

Something New in Typewriters

Which are the words we use most when we speak or write? An American inventor says they are these:

As are but it if on we
at be for in not to was
all by he is of the you

This inventor has produced a typewriter which has keys for these words, in addition to separate letter keys, so that whenever the typist wants to write "the," it can be done with one touch of the finger instead of three.

WHAT MADE THE ICE AGE?

A NEW IDEA ABOUT IT

Was the Earth Caught in the Meshes of Orion?

SHUTTING OFF THE SUN'S HEAT

By a Scientific Correspondent

A very interesting idea has been suggested to explain how the great Ice Age fell upon the earth, when ice and snow covered nearly the whole of the British Isles all the year round, and glaciers broke off into icebergs which floated away into the icy seas where Brighton and Hastings now stand.

Any observant boy or girl can see the signs of that long-distant period in the big granite boulders which are scattered in many places in the southern counties.

They were borne on glaciers millions of years ago from the granite outcrop of rocks in the Midlands.

Many Ice Ages

We say millions of years ago, for though the last Ice Age *may* have been no more than a million years ago, there were several Ice Ages, one great European geologist, the chief authority on the subject, counting eight.

Several explanations of the Ice Ages have been offered.

Dr. James Croll thought that the orbit of the Earth in its journey round the Sun might once have been different, so that in the Ice Ages the Earth, instead of being nearest to the Sun in its annual journey when mid-winter takes place in the Northern Hemisphere, might have been farthest away, thus making the northern winters for hundreds of thousands of years much colder than now, so that the great ice-cap formed over the North Pole extended far down into Europe, Asia, and North America.

Vast Masses of Volcanic Dust

Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist, thought, on the other hand, that the rise and fall of continents, which is always taking place as rain and rivers sweep their soil into the neighbouring seas, was enough to account for the formation, at one time in the Earth's history, of a great continent covering all the North Polar area; and this of itself would have produced an Ice Age in the Northern hemisphere.

Dr. W. J. Humphreys, the American meteorologist, believes that the Ice Age followed a great outburst of volcanoes in many parts of the world, and that the vast masses of volcanic dust thus thrown into the air shut off some of the Sun's heat.

To these suggestions is now added a new one by an astronomer, Dr. Harlow Shapley, who during the war made some very wonderful discoveries, since confirmed, about the distances of the farthest stars, which he found to be hundreds of times farther away than had been suspected.

Why Stars Wax and Wane

Dr. Shapley has for some time been examining some of the suns, or bright stars, which are tangled in the great nebula in Orion. He finds that these stars change their light in a way no other stars do, and he assumes that these changes are due to contact—not necessarily friction—with the material of the nebula, which may cool or heat them.

But once our Sun was near the outskirts of that nebula, though it is now flying away from it, ten miles in every second, with all its planets, Earth included. Millions of years ago it was very likely caught in the meshes of the Orion nebula as other suns are today and, if it behaved as they do, then the variation of its heat and light, owing to its surroundings, would have ranged from 20 to 80 per cent. of the ordinary.

Such variations would have affected the output of its heat to the Earth, and the Earth's climate would have suffered extraordinary changes, quite enough to account for any Ice Age.

IRELAND SPEAKS

THE NATION'S GOOD SENSE

People Strongly in Favour of the Free State

OBLIVION FOR EXTREMISTS

Gloomy people who could see no hope of the Irish settling down and making the best of their Free State within the British Commonwealth have been made to look foolish. The Irish people have spoken, and their voice is unmistakably on the side of good sense. The election result shows that out of a total of 128 M.P.s only 36 are definitely against the Treaty.

As soon as they had the opportunity to say what they wanted, the Irish said: Give us good government and order and quiet under the Treaty with England. Let us have an end of violence.

One of the noisiest advocates of "A republic or nothing" was an Englishman named Erskine Childers, son of a politician who was at one time a Cabinet Minister under Mr. Gladstone. It was supposed he was expressing the opinions of a very large number of Irish people on the side of Mr. De Valera.

But time came for the Irish people to say what they thought, and Mr. Childers was ignominiously beaten. Only 500 odd votes out of 34,000 were given to him! That shows what the Irish people think of the men who have stirred up feeling against the Treaty. The Republican leader represents no more than a small minority of discontented people.

Labour candidates were successful in a great many contests. It is understood they will be in favour of the Free State system.

HEIGHT OF EVEREST

Surprising Facts About the World's Tallest Peak

EXPEDITION'S GREAT EFFORT

The attempt to scale Mount Everest has been given up for the present, all the members of the expedition having been put out of action by the severity of the task. The highest point reached was 27,300 feet.

Few of those who read about the tremendous assault that has been made on Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, have any real idea what climbing this vast peak means.

Apart from the terrible cold and the fearful winds and storms that blow on its upper slopes and precipices, which cause intense suffering and have already resulted in one of the climbers losing three of his fingers, the mere height of this mountain is staggering.

If a rod could be sunk from the summit to the centre of the base in a perpendicular line, it would measure five-and-a-half miles. But the route up the mountain is far more than this. Probably by the winding, zigzag way that they go the climbers travel twice that distance.

Alpine climbing is mere child's play compared with the conquest of Mount Everest. Think of what this mountain, with its 29,000 feet, really means.

If we could make a great pile, placing Snowdon on top of Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in the Alps, and then put Ben Nevis on top of that, and Vesuvius on top again; and then on this vast pile we stood, first, the Great Pyramid, and then St. Paul's Cathedral, and then the London Monument, and then the Nelson column, and then Cleopatra's Needle, we should still be some distance short of the height of Mount Everest. No wonder it is a tremendous struggle to get to the top.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Amundsen	**Am**-oond-sen
Cincinnati	Sin-sin-**ah**-tee
De Valera	De Val-**e**-rah
Gibbous	**Gib**-bus
Lenin	Lain-**een**
Márat	Mah-**rah**
Rathenau	**Raht**-en-ow

BY AEROPLANE TO THE RED MEN

Pensions From the Sky

A FINE RACE INCREASING

The Red Indians are having an unusual experience in Western Canada; the announcement has just been made that they are being paid their treaty money by aeroplane messengers.

There are about 106,000 Red Indians in the whole of Canada, their number having increased slightly during the last few years. By a treaty with the various tribes, the Canadian Government looks after their interests with a paternal care, seeing to their health and education.

More than three hundred schools have been established for their children, medical assistance is provided, and annual money grants are made to them.

The majority of the Indians live on reservations in outlying parts of the country east of the Rocky Mountains, and there has always been great difficulty in getting their money grants to them owing to transport problems.

These, however, have now been solved by bringing the aeroplane into use. A flying man can traverse miles of difficult forest land with ease by passing far overhead, and the more remote Indians, who have little or no knowledge of modern progress, are very astonished when an officer of the Government suddenly descends from the sky to pay them their grant.

Such a thing was, of course, never dreamed of when the treaty was made by which the Government undertook to pay them a small sum annually.

It is interesting to know that this fine race, once the proud masters of a continent, but recently supposed to be a dying race, is once again on the increase under the beneficent protection of the British flag. *Picture on page one*

THREE MEN AND THEIR WIVES

The Influence of Women in Successful Lives

INTERESTING TRIBUTES

Three charming tributes have just been paid to wives, all by public men.

One is by Mr. John Galsworthy, who has collected a group of his stories into one volume and dedicated them thus:

"To My Wife I dedicate the Forsyte Saga in its entirety, believing it to be of all my work the least unworthy of one without whose encouragement, sympathy, and criticism I could never have become even such a writer as I am."

The second tribute was paid to his wife by Lord Inchcape. "Any success I may have achieved is not due to myself," he said. "Had it not been for my good fortune in winning the lady who sits by my side I am perfectly certain you would not have been giving me the freedom of the town today. All through our married life she has been my chum and my constant adviser, to say nothing of what she has done for me by a very stern course of discipline. It is to this more than to anything else that I attribute any good fortune I may be supposed to have had."

The third tribute to a wife that comes to our notice was paid by Governor Bickett of North Carolina, whose will has just been published. In it, after thanking his wife for what she had done for him, he said:

"To my children I leave the infinite riches of their mother's love, for, though they are young now and may not know it, I want to tell them, in my last will, that their mother is the very noblest and sweetest woman in the world, and if they will walk in her ways they will be happy. I want this clause of my will read once a year to my children."

Is is not worth while to pass on these words of gratitude lest we forget?

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BOLD CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN

AEROPLANE FOR THE POLE

Proposed 1200-Mile Flight from Cape Barrow

AT HOME IN THE ARCTIC

Matters are moving in the North. Summer is there, and explorers are pioneering and planning.

Captain Roald Amundsen, who once went forth to find the North Pole, but, being anticipated by Peary, crossed the world and reached the South Pole, has set sail again from Seattle in the Maude, this time on a tremendous mission. The expedition really began in 1918, but various accidents kept the little ship from her projected drift across the northern cap of the world, and now the scheme has been altered.

She is to sail to Cape Barrow, the most northerly point in Alaska, where, by the way, the C.N. has good friends; and from there Amundsen is to attempt to fly 1275 miles to the Pole, and then to pass on another 485 miles to Cape Columbia in North Greenland.

The Simple Life

The aeroplane is not dependent on her ship for a base; should she be driven to descend, she carries stores and equipment for Arctic camping. Amundsen hopes to establish a fresh precedent by completing the journey by air, to survey the region over which he flies, and then return to the ship and let her drift across the Pole.

The risks are obvious, but Amundsen is a bold and experienced explorer, and, whatever fate may hold in store for him, he sets out with a time-table of fifteen hours by air from ship to Pole.

The North is not so terrible to the men who know it as we generally imagine. Stefansson, the tough voyager who has passed five years without a break up in the Arctic, has been talking of the great white land as a home for men.

He makes light of the fact that for four months in the year night broods continuously over the Arctic. That is the time for indoor festivities, for warmth and jollity, he says. For the rest of the year a man works two hours a day, kills his own game and eats it, makes raiment of the hides, and lights his lamps and fires with the fat and blubber. He needs no money; he needs no trade beyond barter.

Across the Barren Lands

As a matter of fact, the North must have been pleasanter in days that are gone. Knud Ramussen, the Danish explorer, reminds us again of that. He and Peter Freuchen, and their friends from Copenhagen University, have been working along Baffin Land, which has hitherto been inadequately charted.

Freuchen has done good work along the coast, and Ramussen has been inland, to discover on the Canadian mainland Eskimos who live away from the coast, yet talk practically the same language as the Eskimos of Greenland. Soon Ramussen is to set out on a great sledge journey across the Barren Lands of Canada and away to the Bering Sea.

His results so far have been fruitful. The botanical booty recalls afresh the fact that once these frozen lands had a climate almost tropical, and a vegetation to match. *See World Map*

A SPLENDID RECORD

On June 3 the C.N. mentioned that 20,140 Saving Certificates had been sold through St. George's School, Tyldesley, Manchester.

Now comes another magnificent example of thrift, from the Kimberley British School, Notts. Although there are a post-office and six other associations to compete with, and although the population is only 5000, the school had sold, up to June 12, 48,671 certificates; and the head teacher believes that this is a record for school saving associations.

NELSON'S SHIP

What is to Happen to the Victory?

C.N. IDEA THAT WOULD SAVE IT

Nelson's famous old flagship has got into such a bad state that £50,000 is needed for even partial repairs.

The Society for Nautical Research is trying to raise this amount. The nation, it seems, cannot afford to do more than pay £24,000 for a steel cradle to go under the hull. This is all the Admiralty will undertake.

If the suggestion made some time ago by the C.N. were to be adopted, the money required could quickly be raised. This suggestion was that the Victory should be towed round into the Thames and made one of the sights of London.

In a year or two it is quite likely that five million shillings would have been collected from visitors, and that the old vessel could be thoroughly done up.

It has been proposed that it might be put in Trafalgar Square, London, in front of the National Gallery; but the river would be a more suitable place.

This suggestion was brought before the Admiralty during the war and was thought well of, but nothing came of it. Now it would be easier, and we hope to see it carried out.

FOR MY PEOPLE'S GOOD

A Negro Chief Who Helped on Civilisation

In the London Hospital a tablet is to be fixed over a bed commemorating the golden deed of a Negro chief, who gave his body to be experimented on for the benefit of other sufferers from the terrible sleeping sickness.

Mandombi was his name; he came from Nigeria. He was told there that if he would go to London to be treated he might help to make it possible to stamp out the disease. He was taken into the London Hospital, and agreed that the doctor in charge of him should make use of him for research purposes.

At four-hour intervals over a period of two months the doctor took specimens of his blood. These were examined with the microscope, and when at last it was discovered that the tsetse fly was at the bottom of the trouble much credit was given to Mandombi for his self-sacrifice and fortitude in assisting to make this valuable advance in medical knowledge.

"For the good of his people," he said he was glad to undergo the discomfort and the suffering.

It is only right that this brave and enlightened Negro's service to humanity should be kept in mind.

SPEEDING-UP COTTON FIELDS

Electric Cotton-Picker

For a long time one of the great difficulties in raising cotton has been the harvesting of the vast crops in the few short months after they ripen before the frost sets in, and it is hoped that a brilliant invention just put on the market will solve this problem.

It is the electric cotton-picker, a machine which makes it possible for a person to pick 500 or 600 pounds of cotton per day, instead of slightly over 100, which is the limit by hand.

The machine is made up of a set of revolving brushes encased in a small metal frame about the size of a man's fist, with an opening in the head exposing the brushes and large enough to grasp a boll of cotton. The two brushes revolve toward each other with a comb-like motion, pulling the cotton out of the boll.

The brushes in the head are driven by a flexible drive shaft, about three feet long, connected with a small electric motor suspended near the head. The current is obtained from a small generator mounted on an ordinary gasoline farm tractor

USING THE TIDES

Why the Rise and Fall Cannot be Used Direct

POWER GOING TO WASTE

The possibility of using tidal power round the British coasts is again being seriously discussed by engineers, and this time it is suggested that a great power station should be erected at Milford Haven.

Experts are agreed that there is no difficulty in producing an apparatus that can be worked directly by the tides; but as the initial expenditure of laying down such a tidal plant would be very large and the return would not justify the outlay commercially, a tidal apparatus worked directly by the rise and fall of the water must be ruled out.

The scheme that will have to be adopted is one in which the tides play a less direct part. The rise of the water must be used to fill a storage basin, and a channel cut to another basin, at a lower level, through which the water could run at such a rate as to turn turbine wheels and produce power, in the same way as does a swiftly-flowing river or a waterfall.

A number of conditions are necessary to make a tidal power station a financial success. It must be within reasonable distance of an industrial centre to which the power could be transmitted without too much loss or too great a cost. Then the production of the power must be continuous, and not merely intermittent with the rise and fall of the tides. The navigation of the waterways, too, must not be interfered with.

All these conditions, it is maintained, could be obtained at Milford Haven, and an exhaustive survey of the district is proposed in order that England may make a start in the utilisation of water-power, which is now becoming such an important factor in industry.

THE JAYS BY THE POND

A Little Mystery Solved

A young naturalist in Kent sends us this note of a curious experience with birds and fishes.

During last summer we were greatly puzzled by the death of many of our goldfish, which live in a pond in the wood. The water became very low as the result of evaporation, and we were unable to put any more in until the drought had broken.

For months we were occasionally finding dead fishes, one every week or two, and, but for the fact that they were breeding in the mud at the bottom, aided by the intense heat, there would soon have been none left.

One day, however, I went into the little summer-house standing beside the pond, and there, on the back of a chair, lying on a cushion propped against the back, were traces of a goldfish and also of a bird that had taken him there.

It was clearly the jays that had been causing all these deaths. The wood abounds with them, and it was quite easy for them to fly down, seize a fish in the shallow water of the pond, and fly off to some convenient spot to eat it.

CITY'S GOOD EXAMPLE

Idea for the Ministry of Health

Kansas City, the capital of the American State of Kansas, has recently set an example in her Department of Public Health which might well be followed by the rest of the world.

The Health Department of this southern metropolis will permit no person to be employed in a restaurant or grocery store without first obtaining a certificate from the Department's medical examiner that he or she has an absolutely clean bill of health. In this way the food supply of the city is given much-needed protection.

CHIEF SCOUT MAKES TIME

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU HAVE NONE

Why it is Always the Busy Man Who Does Things

THE SIX-O'CLOCK CLERK

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell

Have you ever thought of the serious meaning of that old proverb: Time and Tide wait for no man?

There is nobody on the earth who can stop the tide from turning or who can recover so much as a single minute of wasted time.

But I can give you two tips—the first is not to waste time, and the second is to make time.

Someone wrote to me to ask if I could find time to send him a message. My answer was: "No, I can't find time; but as I have no time I'll make it." And that's a message for you.

Some people never get on in life because they are always waiting for their chance to come to them. They hope later on to find time to do something great and useful, but they are only marking time when they ought to be making time. A person who only marks time never gets any "forrader." So don't say, when asked to do a good thing, "Oh, I've got such a lot of things to do, I can't find time today!" Do away with that excuse once and for all, and if you have no time, try making it.

Making Time

I always know that when I want a thing done the busy person is the person who will be most likely to do it for me. So I always go straight to a busy man or woman. Why? Because an idle person will put off doing it till he can find time—which is probably never—but the busy man has no time, so he is used to making it. However many extra jobs he has on hand he will make time to do them, and get them done quickly, for he knows something else will crop up before he has finished.

There are several ways of making time. One is by getting up a bit earlier in the morning when you are fresh—*not* by sitting up later at night when you are tired.

Suppose you get up one hour earlier than you are now doing every day for a year. That is making 365 hours, or thirty days—a whole extra month in every year. You can do a lot of good work in a month.

Watching the Clock

I heard a story the other day of the manager of a big business who was reproving one of his clerks for slackness.

"You are so idle," he said, "that I believe if you had a word half-written, and the clock struck six, you would leave without finishing."

"Oh no, sir!" replied the clerk. "I should never have begun a word if it were as near six as that."

The story may be exaggerated, but it is quite true that a good many people, at school or at work are so busy looking at the clock that they don't get very much done.

The people who get on in life are the people who do just a bit more—not a bit less—than they need. They *make* time for the extra bit, and in making time they make success for themselves and for their work.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

First edition of Pilgrim's Progress	£2010
Three panels of Brussels tapestry	£1223
A Swedish stamp of 1859 . .	£600
A portrait by Gainsborough. .	£483
A portrait by Sir Peter Lely. .	£357
Miniature of an Earl of Essex .	£183
A portrait by Sir T. Lawrence .	£157
A portrait by Romney . . .	£96
A sketch by Gainsborough . .	£71

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NATURAL HISTORY DISCOVERIES

NEW THINGS LATELY FOUND

Finding the Right Food for a Squeak Beetle

PARASITES AND THEIR NESTS

By a South Kensington Correspondent

After some years of diligent research Mr. F. Balfour-Browne has completed a study of the strange aquatic beetle which, in bygone times in London, used to be sold as the "squeak beetle."

It lives in ponds only—never in running water or ditches—and feeds upon various aquatic insect larvae, those of certain flies being much appreciated.

The mother beetles lay their eggs in rows, end to end, on the surface of water plants. When freshly laid, the egg is surrounded by a thin, jelly-like cover which makes it stick to the plant. This cover soon swells, by taking up the water, into a strong skin that preserves the egg.

Considerable difficulty was experienced by the investigator in finding the right food for the young larvae, but eventually he discovered that it was the little red worm that lives in the mud, over which the larvae swim slowly until a worm's burrow is found. Then they dart into it, or sit, cat-like, and wait.

When full-grown the larva burrows into the mud and digs out a hole below the surface in which it changes to a pupa, and in time develops into a squeak beetle like its parents. When this period arrives it comes out and starts life in the waters of the pond.

Cuckoo Habits

That the cuckoo generally lays her eggs in the same locality in successive years has lately been discovered by Mr. A. H. Evans, after patient observations, covering twenty years, in Cambridgeshire. He also found that not only do the same hens come along, but that they maintain their preference for the nests of similar foster-parents, year by year.

Among the nests most favoured by these heartless mothers are the nests of the greenfinch, spotted flycatcher, pied wagtail, robin, and hedge-sparrow, in lanes, and meadows, and gardens. Along rivers and lakes, those of sedge and reed warblers are selected as lodgings for their young.

One lazy mother cuckoo was discovered to have made a strange error. It had laid an egg in a nest from which the young, rightful occupants had already flown.

A Remarkable Mosquito

While studying and collecting the mosquitoes of New Zealand, Mr. David Hutton has recently found an entirely new variety. The characters of the fly are quite unlike any previously known, and so extraordinary for a mosquito that a specimen caught some years ago was thought to be a gnat.

They breed in pools of salt water, lying just above the high-tide mark, along the rocky parts of the coastline of the Northern Island.

The eggs are laid singly on the rock, instead of in masses floating on the water, as is usual.

The flies were noticed to have a curious habit, large numbers of them resting on the water, from which they can rise and fly away quite easily.

A DOG'S SAGACITY

A Birkenhead reader reports an instance of a dog's sagacity. Suffering from a gathered foot, it was taken to a "vet," who relieved the pain. Next day it returned alone, scratched at the vet's door, where it had only been once before, was admitted and attended to, and then went home.

TRANSFORMING THE WAR FIELDS

4000 Ruined Places in France

BRITISH TOWNS THAT ARE HELPING TO REBUILD THEM

From Mr. T. Gilmer, secretary of the British League of Help for the Devastated Areas in France, we have received a summary of the helpful work done there by British sympathy.

Two years ago British towns began to adopt some French town or village over which the destructive tide of war had rolled. There were over four thousand such ruined towns or villages. Now 74 British places have adopted 94 destroyed French places.

Often the first care of those who have given this practical form of British help has been to rebuild wells and reservoirs that had been destroyed, for in some places the only water left available was three or four miles away.

Hundreds of fruit trees have replaced those wilfully damaged by the invaders, thousands of tons of seed have been sent, motor ploughs, threshing machines, cattle, and poultry have been provided, as well as personal requisites such as linen, clothing, and boots. In many places hospitals, halls, and cottages are being built. Squares, streets, and gardens are being named after British towns that have given this timely relief.

British children have helped in collecting the money that has been needed, over a thousand pounds being raised in one town; and in two instances—Newcastle and Edinburgh—school parties have visited the scenes where the money contributed has been expended, and have been welcomed with a warmth that has proved how touched the French people have been by British generosity.

WHAT WILL THEY EAT TOMORROW?

Food of the Future

CHANGING TASTE OF THE PEOPLE

We are learning to look ahead; not only for ourselves in our own lifetime, but for future generations.

Authorities have recognised the possibility of a world shortage of food owing to the steady increase of population, and are taking steps to prevent this by searching for new foods.

An instance of this is to be found in England, which has a Government institution of which the sole purpose is to experiment with seeds and to improve the quality and fertility of various grains. America has gone a step farther. A special State Department sends out food explorers to every part of the world, their search often taking them into the most remote places. Nearly fifty thousand new plants have been already brought back to be grown in America.

But these newly-found plants must pass severe tests, for there are immigration laws as stringent as any imposed on human immigrants. Many of the plants are not healthy enough to be allowed a place among American crops.

A well-known writer remarks on the fact that our tastes change completely from time to time, so that what this generation may consider unfit for food the next will eat with relish. As examples, he quotes the potato, which is a comparatively recent discovery in the world's history, and the tomato, which not very long ago was thought to be poisonous.

Who knows what will be the diet of the future, or what effect it may have on the habits and customs of the race?

THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION

The American Solicitor-General has been reminding us that the American Constitution is "the oldest comprehensive written form of government now existing in the world."

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered by



A Chicago man has papered a room in his house with Austrian banknotes.

Lime-wash for London buildings is suggested as a preservative and aid to public health.

For the first time an Emperor of Annam has left his country. He is visiting France.

An American doctor who will be 100 years old next February has received a degree from Columbia University.

So the Money Goes

Nearly £5000 a year is spent on picking up rubbish and broken bottles in London parks.

A Hint to the Thoughtless

Stockholm tram-conductors carry hatpin-protectors for sale to ladies at about a halfpenny each.

Echo of the War

Mowing a field in the war area a French peasant exploded a shell buried in the ground, and was blown to bits.

A Dog's £500

A clever retriever dog has collected £500 during the past 18 months, to endow a cot in Newcastle Infirmary.

A Dinner in Russia

A light dinner for two in Moscow now costs thirty million roubles, equal to £3,172,000 at pre-war values.

Deliver Them from Temptation

The convicts of American prisons have been voting on Prohibition, and, of 134,000 men, only 909 voted for the repeal of the law.

Office Boy to Director

Three new directors have been appointed to the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. Two used to be office-boys, and one a labourer.

A Mastodon's Tusk

Seven feet long and ten inches thick, the largest mastodon tusk ever found has been dug up near Cincinnati, U.S.A. It weighed 75 pounds.

China's New Alphabet

The American Bible Society is preparing to bring out two million copies of the New Testament written largely in the new phonetic script of China.

Four Waterspouts

Four waterspouts, columns of dense grey mixture rising from the sea to the clouds, were seen off Biarritz. They broke on the beach and caused a flood.

Lectures in Picture Galleries

Picture galleries and museums are wasted, says the director of the National Gallery, unless constant lectures are given in them to tell people what their contents mean.

Friend Robin

A reader in Bedfordshire tells us of a roadman working on the Hitchin road who has made friends with a robin, so that it follows him about and feeds out of his hand.

A Big Picture

America is to have the big French picture painted by 150 French artists. It is 50 feet high and 200 feet long, and shows 15,000 portraits of allied soldiers and civilians in the war.

Safety First at School

130,000 pupils attending 846 London schools entered for the competition held this year by the London Safety First Council. This is an increase of 173 schools and 25,500 scholars.

750 Wireless Sets on a Ship

When the ex-German liner Vaterland has been re-fashioned by the United States Shipping Board, each of her 750 state-rooms will be equipped with wireless-telephone receiving sets.

400 Baskets of Pigeons

Four thousand racing pigeons, packed in four hundred baskets and taken to Tilbury from Durham and Northumberland in a special train, were released at Mons for a flight to Newcastle.

Sixpenny Telegram Man

When Mr. Lloyd George was a baby, Lord Eversley, better known as Mr. Shaw Lefevre, who is 90, took his seat in Parliament. His chief act was introducing sixpenny telegrams.

THE COUÉ WAY

HOW IMAGINATION WORKS

Is it More Important to Us Than Will-Power?

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF

We think many of our readers will be glad to see this interesting statement that Dr. Coué has sent to The Times. There have been many statements about his methods, but none more interesting than this by Coué himself.

My method is based on these two principles.

1. Every mental idea can become a possible reality. The idea of insomnia creates insomnia, the idea of sleep determines sleep. It is enough to think one is deaf, blind, or paralytic to become so, and it is in these cases that so-called miracles are produced.

2. It is not the will but the imagination which is man's first faculty. In fact, each time there is conflict between Will and Imagination the imagination always wins, and in those cases not only do we not do what we wish but even the exact contrary. The more we try to sleep, the more over-excited we become; the more we search for the name of a person we think we have forgotten, the more it escapes us. In all such cases the mental state is: I wish to sleep, but I cannot; and so on.

Guiding the Guide

It is, then, not to the will that we must go but to the imagination—the conscious or unconscious being, whatever one calls it—which directs us both morally and physically. If, then, we learn how to guide our own unconscious guide, we shall end by guiding ourselves.

When a company is assembled I give them certain experiences for the purpose of making them *feel* that what I say is true. And I ask if anyone present has any pain, in which case I ask the person to close the eyes, and pass my hand over the painful part, requesting the person to say quickly "It passes, it passes," and after fifteen or twenty seconds the pain usually goes. I tell them to have greater confidence in themselves, and that they can easily do under these conditions whatever they wish, provided it is reasonable.

An Important Trifle

I also tell them that their *morale* is better, that their sadness is going little by little, and that every time an evil idea approaches their mind they ought to put it immediately to flight, using the formula "It passes, it passes."

My method differs from others in that I do not allow people to believe that their cure depends on me but on themselves; that I do not ask for a blind faith but for a belief determined by the explanations that I give and the experiences that I cause; and that in place of telling them to use their will I advise them to use their imagination alone. To many this is only a trifle, but still it is thanks to this trifle that my method very often succeeds where others have failed.

THE TREE PARTRIDGE

Dropping Like a Stone

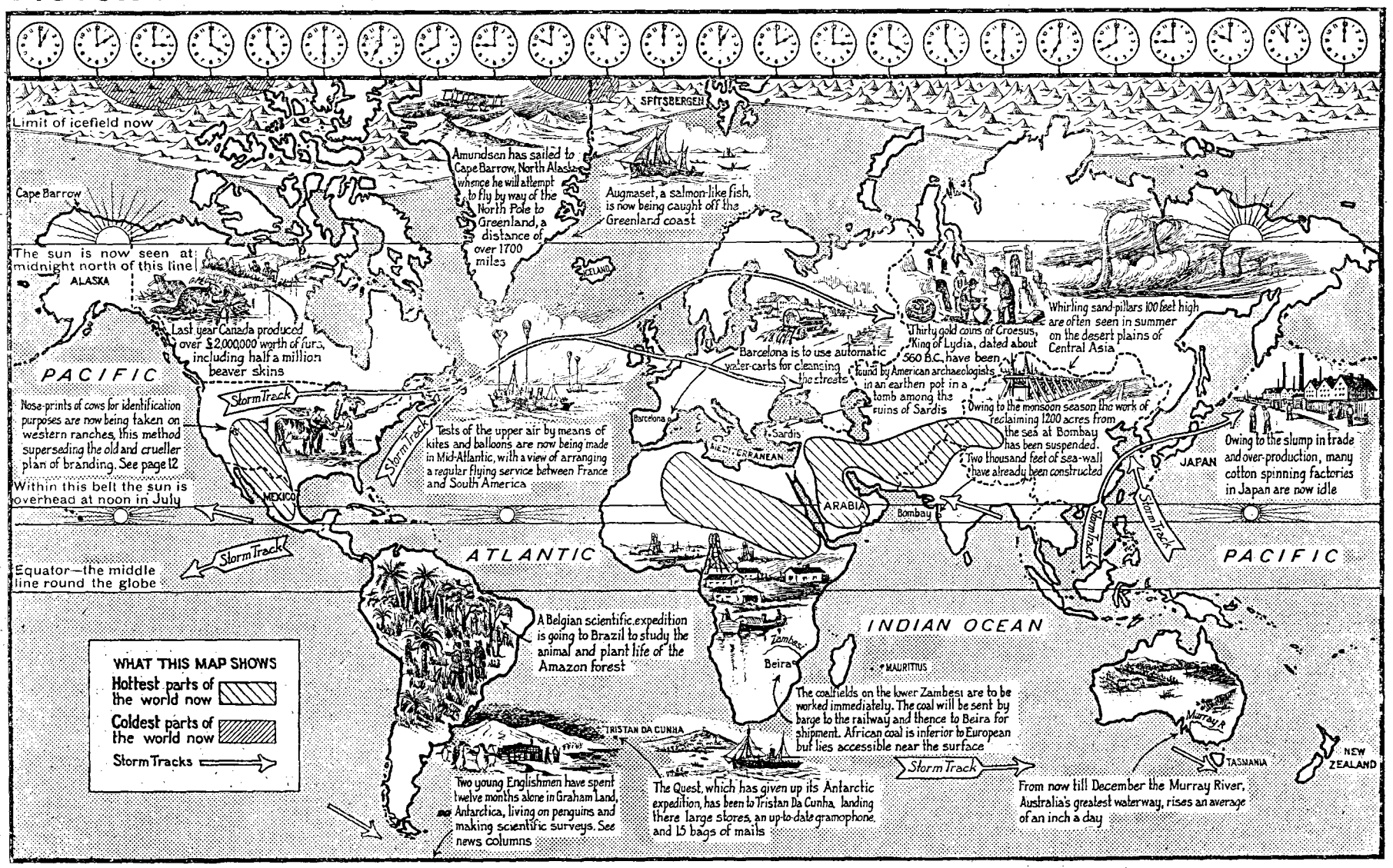
A Bournemouth correspondent challenges the assertion in a Question Box answer that a partridge does not roost on trees.

The partridge in Upper Burma always roosts on very tall trees, and calls from them his chuck-chuck-choochoo. If a sportsman approaches and looks up, the bird drops like a stone into the dense bush that generally surrounds the foot of the tree. There, if you have a dog, he might find the bird, but more likely a leopard will find the dog.

Of course, the answer in the Question Box column referred to the partridge as it is known in the British Isles; the name partridge is applied, in different parts of the world, to more than 20 birds. The bird our correspondent refers to is no doubt the chukor partridge.

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PICTURE-NEWS & TIME MAP SHOWING STORM TRACKS ALL OVER THE WORLD



PLANE IN THE ORCHARDS

War on Fruit Pests

POISON DROPPED FROM THE AIR

The usefulness of the aeroplane is often extended into new directions nowadays.

On a big fruit farm near Sevenoaks, in Kent, the crop has been saved from destruction by caterpillars by scattering powder upon the pests from the air.

To spray the trees would have taken a long time and cost a large sum for labour. The aeroplane flew over the orchard, as near the tops of the trees as it could with safety, and smothered them with the powder. In half an hour half a ton had been dropped and the process was complete.

It is said that hardly a single caterpillar was left alive. At all events, the plague was stayed. *Picture on page 12*

WAR AND ITS HARVEST

No Security Till It is Abolished

When a number of French workmen and their wives went for a walk near the Franco-Belgian frontier one fine evening they had no fear of the perils of war. War was over. They could go out, they thought, without anxiety. No enemy lay in wait to do them harm.

But they forgot that, though one war is over, preparations for another possible war are always going on, and that the deadly machines with which we blew one another to pieces are still liable to do their horrible work by accident.

As the party strolled in the soft, evening air, a lorry came along. The driver pulled up too sharply, the brakes, put on violently, jerked off one of the live shells with which the lorry was loaded, and it burst and killed four men and three women, including the lorry driver. A number of others were wounded.

Can we ever be said to enjoy peace as long as incidents like this are possible?

IZAAK WALTON'S COTTAGE

America and the Thatched Roof

At Shallowford, a picturesque old village near Stafford, is a little thatched cottage in need of repair.

In America a grown-up paper is contemplating raising a fund to pay for the work. For the cottage was once the home of Izaak Walton, who is known throughout the English-speaking races because of the delightful books he wrote nearly 300 years ago.

Literature and angling were the chief pursuits of Izaak Walton, and in The Compleat Angler he gave the world something far more than a mere treatise on fishing, though even in that sense it is still considered to be one of the best works of its kind. It is cherished wherever English is read, however, because it is a charming relic of our early literature, full of whimsicalities which make it unique. It was chiefly written at the old Shallowford cottage, where Walton sought seclusion during the Civil War.

A DAY'S MARKETS

Enormous Quantities of Supplies

Some people turn first every day in their newspaper to the market reports.

Those who are not interested in markets rarely look at these reports at all. Yet they are worth looking at.

On one day lately, for example, 832 tons of fish were on sale in Billingsgate, the London Fish Market. Sixty tons of Scotch beef and mutton were disposed of by the meat salesmen, out of 224 tons from Great Britain and Ireland together. The supplies from South America and Australasia were very much larger—887 and 457 tons respectively.

Seventeen tons of butter and eggs were provided by our own farmers; 23 tons came from overseas. Home poultry and game totalled 20 tons; foreign countries 13.

In the metal markets the figures were not less impressive. Over 800 tons of copper, 550 tons of tin, and 1000 tons of lead changed hands all in one day!

WHY THEY CALLED THE FIRE BRIGADE

Rescue of a Bird

A reader in Cape Town sends us a clipping from the Cape Argus, because, she says, the spirit of it is like the spirit of the C.N. That is extraordinarily nice, for the spirit is charged with natural kindness, and it shows the people of Cape Town in a most becoming light.

The story tells how a crowd gathered and watched with breathless interest the efforts of two men with a ladder and a bamboo pole trying to release a dove that, 30 feet from the ground, hung head downward above the portico of St. George's Cathedral at the Cape.

They failed to release the bird, and then the fire brigade telescopic ladder was sent for, and, amid general cheering, Fireman Barker ascended the ladder at a dangerous angle and released the bird.

Its right leg had been caught in a horsehair snare, and that, in its turn, had caught in some string, which had suspended the bird. The limb was chafed, but otherwise the bird was uninjured, and a Good Samaritan took charge of it until it could fly.

For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

HOW PASADENA DOES IT

The Community Chest

A reader of the C.N. who lives at Pasadena, in California, sends us this interesting note.

Pasadena has a Community Chest, which is a wonderful way of obtaining money. It is one huge fund. People had complained of the frequency of collections. Now there is one house-to-house collection for the Community Fund. The various organisations, such as the Hospitals, Red Cross, and Y.M.C.A., state the sum required for their funds, and the Community Chest Committee divides its collection between them, each having a proportionate share.

TERRIBLE EVENTS

Tragic Deaths of Two Famous Men

GERMANY LOSES A GREAT LEADER

One result of the war was to cheapen the regard for human life. It is impossible to teach mankind during four years that killing is right and necessary without leaving in many weak, unbalanced minds the belief that murder may be not merely excusable, but a noble, patriotic act.

Two appalling examples of this detestable and utterly false belief have shocked the world and driven home the dreadful consequence of war. In London, Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, a famous soldier who had lately undertaken to direct the forces of Ulster, was shot on the doorstep of his house by two scoundrels posing as patriots. They were arrested after a hot fight.

Germany has suffered as great a loss by the assassination of Dr. Walter Rathenau, Foreign Minister. The small but criminally active number of Germans who would like to restore the Hohenzollern monarchy and to abolish the Republic accused him of "betraying his sovereign"; all he had done was to put his great ability at his country's disposal instead of intriguing to bring back a discredited emperor.

The brutal crime which deprived Europe, struggling to resettle herself, of the service of a man of rare insight and high ideals, was to give the signal for a general monarchist rising.

In the Reichstag, the German House of Commons, one of the leaders of the monarchist group, Dr. Helfferich, was openly accused of responsibility for the crime. He had made a speech attacking Dr. Rathenau in violent terms shortly before. He left the hall, pale and trembling, pursued by shouts of execration.

One bright spot in the blackness of this atrocity was the brave and resourceful behaviour of a hospital nurse who, when nobody else knew what to do, took charge of the wounded man and had him driven to his home as quickly as possible in the hope of saving his life.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
JULY 8 ❀ ❀ 1922

Ends and Means

MANY people were puzzled when a judge spoke the other day of the difference between Law and Justice; he said he would not allow legal technicalities to interfere with a just verdict.

Those who were puzzled by the judge's statement had been accustomed to think of Law and Justice as the same. A London cabman who was asked to drive to the Courts of Justice knew better. He did not know them.

"What! You don't know where the Law Courts are?"

"Oh, the Law Courts!" he said, enlightened. "That's quite different!"

Justice is an ideal; Law is a reality. Justice is what we want done; Law is the machinery for getting it done. Justice is the end we aim at; Law is the means we adopt to reach that end.

No human method is perfect; no means of which we have command can always accomplish the end we wish.

Running all through the pattern of our lives is this difference between Ends and Means. Because they are so often confused, so often treated as if they were the same, much error and much evil creep in. Clear thinking must never lose sight of the distinction which separates them.

There are many institutions which diminish their power for good lamentably by forgetting what they were established to do. Those who manage them, all who are engaged in keeping them going, think a great deal about the institutions themselves and very little about the purpose for which they came into being.

Thus governors of countries are inclined to put more energy into making their own positions secure and increasing their dignity than into striving to improve the lot of the people they govern. Everyone sees that this was true of old despotic monarchs, who behaved as if nations were created for them to rule over. It is almost equally true of the politicians who have taken their places.

Again, there are many who consider that not only government but religion is an end in itself and not merely a means to an end. The ideal toward which religion must help us, if it has any power at all, is the Kingdom of God on the earth. To go to services regularly, to read the Bible, to contribute to charities, all that is of no avail unless we keep in mind what we aim at.

Every system created for the accomplishment of some purpose must fight against letting the means become more important than the end. Herein lies the danger of habit and routine. They are useful servants if we never forget that they are means; they become bad masters when they are regarded as ends.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE



Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

The Old Man Thankful

THERE have been some lovely summer days, and on one of them we found ourselves in Canterbury. The sun was shining down on that majestic piece of splendour that has stood there through the centuries; it was a perfect day.

So thought a good old man who was standing by us. He spoke—somebody wanting a copper, we thought. No; he wanted nothing, for he had the very gold of life. What he said was:

This is one more good day to book up with all the rest.

He had had eighty years of days, good and bad, and he was thankful for this good one.

Two things made Canterbury well worth while that day: there was the Old Cathedral Beautiful and there was the Old Man Thankful.

❀

The Explanation

TWO ladies who live together, one rich and one poor, were asked if they would take tickets in a raffle.

"Oh, yes, of course we will, indeed we will!" exclaimed the poor one, brimming over with excitement.

"How much are they?" asked the rich one, dourly.

The tickets were half-a-crown each.

"And, will you believe it," said the collector afterwards, "dear Mrs. Splash, who is so poor, took two tickets; and old Mrs. Dash, who is so rich, only took one? Did you ever hear of such meanness?"

"Meanness?" said a friend. "Is it not rather an explanation?"

"What do you mean?"

"An explanation why one is rich and the other poor?"

❀

Gramophone Grammar

SCIENCE, which drives out ignorance every hour as sunlight drives out darkness, has the power of spreading ignorance too. We have only to think of the kinema to realise the evil that a scientific invention may do in making vulgarity fashionable and encouraging bad ideas.

Now a correspondent calls our attention to an odd point which we gladly mention. Our correspondent has a gramophone record of a plaintive song which is deservedly popular for its music. Its words are poor, but so are the words of many popular songs.

What is specially bad about the words of "Little Playmates" on the gramophone, however, is that the last line has a silly grammatical error in it which jars on the ear of any intelligent listener and entirely spoils the pleasure of listening to the song.

It is curious—and is it not a pity?—that it has been put into the power of a machine to repeat a piece of bad grammar thousands of times a day in homes where good English is spoken.

"The Season"

IN a letter to a friend the historian Froude declared that each fresh London season is as like the past as this year's turnip crop is like the last. "One wearies," he said, "of the *energetic monotony* which teaches one nothing and loses its power to amuse."

Let those of us who take our pleasures less expensively and less vainly turn Froude's words into rhyme:

Each London season is as like the past
As this year's turnip crop is like the last.

❀

Tip-Cat

THE Chinese do not seem to be as civilised as Europe: they have used no poison gas in their war yet.

⊡

AN M.P. says that so far as his experience goes honesty is not the best policy. But why tell everybody?

⊡

GARDENING is included now among professions for women. Well, they have had a lot of experience at making the beds.



PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW

If a Bishop's See is a great sight

⊡

PLAIN people, writes Madame Albanesi, may eat as much as they like. Not if they like plain living.

⊡

STATISTICS show that organists live long lives, but there are no non-stop ones.

⊡

A PUBLIC man has been saying that "an educationist is a person who educationises, who is occupied with the educationism that is educationalistical." We suggest that he tries a little education.

⊡

THE traveller who writes that he had a stirring time in America was probably there on a Cook's tour.

⊡

NO class is happier than the farm labourer, writes an observer. Yet even he has harrowing times.

❀

By Heart

ONE of the most eminent living men in literature has given the world a remarkable picture of his father, but of all the revelations he makes none strikes us as so noteworthy as the following reference to the Bible.

Before he reached middle life he had committed practically the whole of it to memory, and if started anywhere, even in a minor prophet, he could go on without a break as long as ever he was inclined for that exercise.

Even regarded only as a feat of memory, this feat is astonishing enough; but when we think of it as a devotion, as an act of the character, how it must strike us with astonishment! And it was the achievement of an excessively busy man.

How true is the saying, "The lazier a man is, the more he intends to do tomorrow." As for us, let us do it today.

Eleanor Came from the Moors

ELEANOR came from the moors,
the rapture of life in her face;
Trembling she came from the hills, descending, a vision of grace;
And we said, "She has plucked such flowers, and seen such wonderful things,
That body and spirit glow like an angel beating its wings!"
But into the house she burst, her voice all a-quiver and quake,
And "What do you think?" she cried. "*I have actually killed a snake!*"

THUS disillusioned we laughed, and the curve of her mouth turned down;
But somebody took her hand, which was grubby, sticky, and brown,
And, stroking her golden hair, and kissing her roseate cheek,
He vowed that her deed should live in the C.N. columns next week:
"For how could earth's beauty thrive, and the spirit of men grow strong,
If joy was not found," he asked, "in slaying the vipers of wrong?"

ELEANOR went to her bed, and there at the coverlet prayed
That never, when she grew up, might the soul of her be afraid;
And all through the moonlit hours, when the dragons of nightmare roared,
She mounted St. George's horse and wielded King Arthur's sword.

❀

Poor Boy

By Our Country Girl

SUCH a beautiful place for a picnic: sorrel and buttercups and July green grass sloping down to a shallow brook, a young oak whispering overhead, a cuckoo in the copse across the lane, sunflecks on the waters, tiddlers on the wet pebbles, and midges dancing on the air!

How clever of Mother to think of this lovely nook! And yet it ends, as most picnics do, in no enjoyment of jam and scenery, but in mere war on midges. The grown-ups cannot eat for smoking, or the youngsters for scratching.

Presently a much-scarred little boy of six wishes he could have a cigarette to keep off the little pigs!

"No," says Father, "not till you have finished growing up; not till you are twenty."

The boy stares a moment, thinking. Then he shakes his head. "I shall never be twenty," he says; "it will take me too long."

❀

After All

There's a space for good to bloom in
Every heart of man or woman,
And, however wild or human,
Or however brimmed with gall,
Never heart may beat without it,
And the darkest heart to doubt it
Has something good about it,
After all. JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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THE TRAGIC HUNT FOR A PARASITE

NEWS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

Insects that Slew Brave Men on the Way to Victory

TRAGEDY OF TYPHUS

By a Scientific Correspondent

From Russia, where typhus has killed as many people as the Great War, an announcement is made about this dread disease which, if true, will be of untold benefit to millions yet unborn.

The report is that Dr. Natalie Kritch, who since 1916 has been working to find the germ which causes typhus, has found it, and, in the medical sense, has isolated it. When bacteriologists say they have isolated a germ, they mean they have taken it, and induced it to multiply by the million.

But, though this may have been done in the present case, we have still no evidence that the germ found is the actual germ causing the disease. Although it may seem peculiar to the disease, and may be found in those suffering from typhus, it still might be an accidental visitor that had nothing to do with causing the affliction.

The Wrong Germ

That is what happened in Serbia during the war. The American Medical Mission found the same germ in hundreds of typhus cases, and thought they had captured it, but it was not the actual germ of typhus. The one conclusive test is to see whether the germ will produce a mild attack of typhus fever. If it does, then, when the patient is nursed back to recovery, he will be immune.

The reports of the experiments conducted by Dr. Kritch in Russia have in them statements that make us doubt whether the discovery has been made.

The story of the true typhus germ begins long ago, when typhus was known as gaol or famine fever, because it was always in the awful prisons.

Carriers of Disease

Lice were almost certainly the carriers of the disease, but this remained actually to be proved; and the man who had the greatest share in carrying on the proof was Mr. Bacot, of the Lister Institute. During the Great War, Bacot examined lice which had fed on people with typhus, and inside them he found a rather shapeless germ, perhaps one-20,000th of an inch long. This was evidently the germ sought, because it was never in healthy lice, and was always in lice which could be positively proved to carry the disease.

To keep a stock of healthy insects for experimenting with, Bacot allowed the lice to feed upon himself; and his task of proving that the lice were the carriers of the germ was almost completed when he was bitten by some *infected lice*, and he himself caught typhus and died.

Martyrs to Science

But before he died he had established the truth that the germ of typhus belongs to a particular group of germs called Rickettsia, after Dr. Ricketts, their discoverer. A peculiarity about Rickettsia is that, though you may perceive them and identify them, you cannot preserve them or get them to grow outside the body of the insect or higher animal which they infect. They are a group all to themselves in Nature.

Most insects, in some extraordinary way, keep their insides free from all parasites, but these Rickettsia parasites are the exceptions from which some insects cannot free themselves.

Some day a way will be found to grow them safely. But the search into their life-histories has caused the death of two splendid men, Dr. Ricketts and Dr. Bacot, of the second of whom it was said that "he was a dear friend who was always helpful, and was never known to be inconsiderate or unkind."

MAROONED IN THE ANTARCTIC



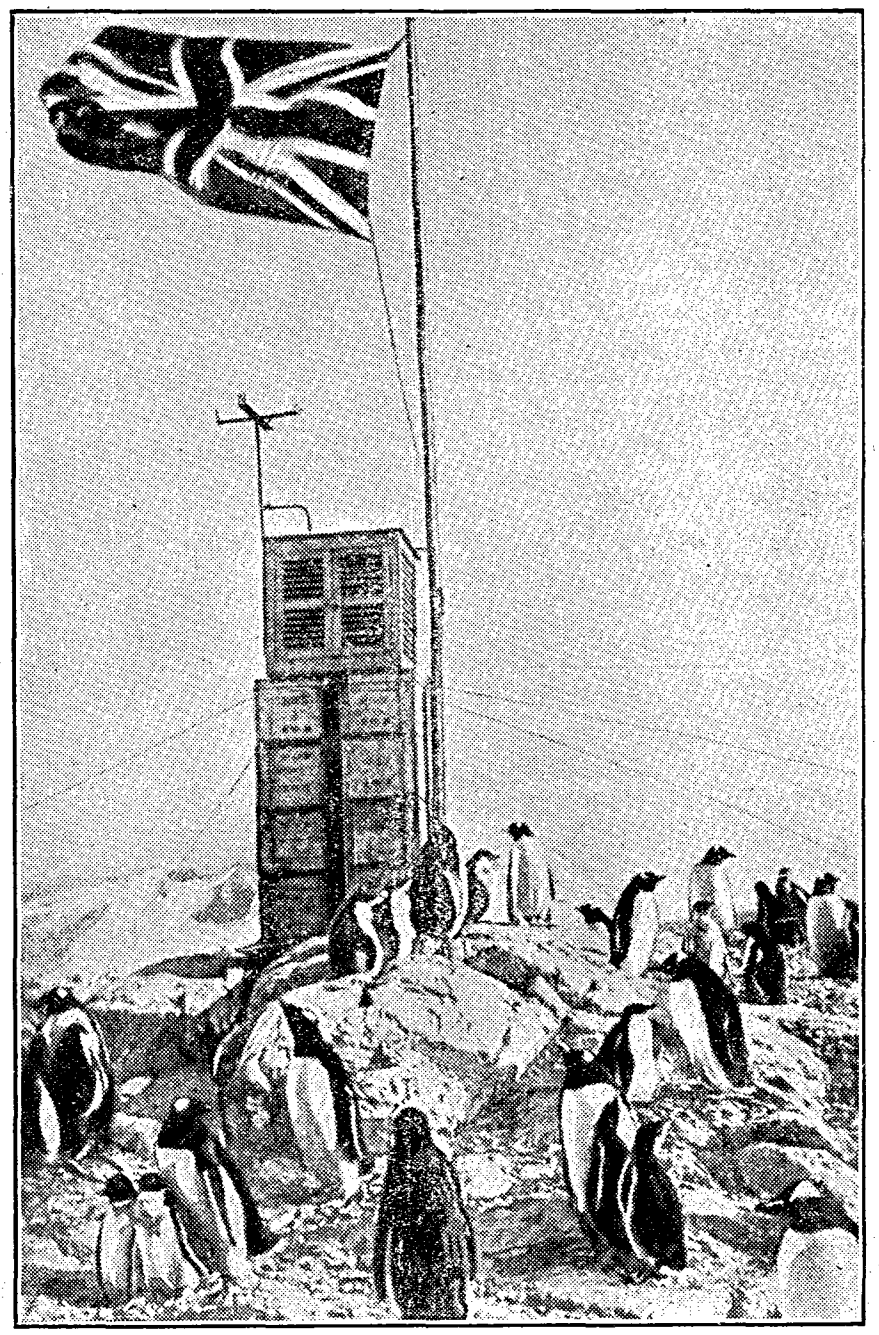
Mr. T. Bagshawe, of Cambridge University



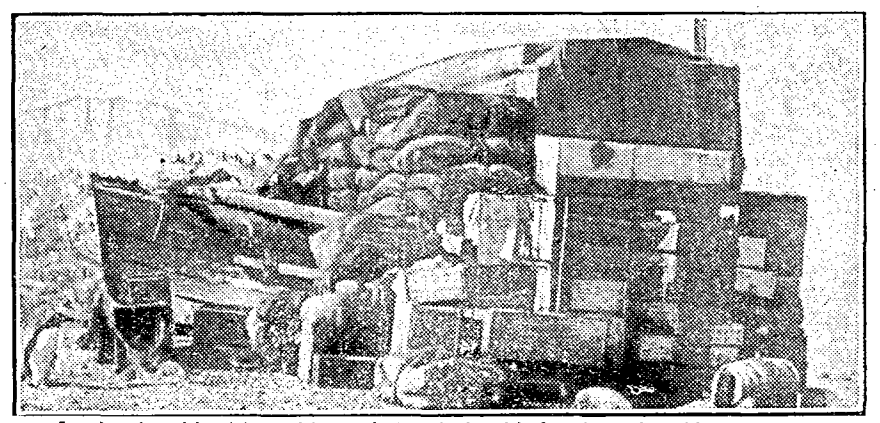
A sea elephant comes ashore near the hut of the explorers



Mr. M. C. Lester, a young mercantile officer



A group of penguins gather round the meteorological screen



An abandoned boat turned into a hut with the aid of sacks and packing-cases

Two young Englishmen, Mr. T. Bagshawe, of Cambridge University, and Mr. M. C. Lester, an officer in the Mercantile Marine, have just returned to England after spending twelve months alone in the Antarctic, making scientific surveys. In these pictures we see the scientists and the queer home in which they lived amid the snow and ice. **See page one**

WHAT OUR LIFE DEPENDS ON

PRECIOUS WATER

Famine that Might Come from Carelessness

THE DRY YEARS

By Our Weather Correspondent

The occurrence of a short spell of dry, hot weather in the south of England has brought to the minds of the public the fear of renewed water shortage, and some of the grown-up papers have seized upon the opportunity to abuse the authorities responsible for the water supply of London for a lack of foresight of which they have not been guilty.

The drought of 1921 was beyond the experience of anyone in the British Isles, particularly in parts of the south-east of England. The total rainfall in London, for example, was the smallest ever measured in the metropolis, where records have been taken for 150 years.

Where London Gets Its Water

The consequence was that in country districts, where people depend upon local wells for their water supply, a great shortage was experienced. In towns where supplies are drawn from larger areas and pumped into reservoirs, so that it can be stored, and where some care can be exercised to prevent water from being wasted, the drought was not so badly felt. In a city like London, with its almost limitless resources, we cannot say that the people generally had to go short of water to any serious extent.

London draws its water from various sources. A large amount is taken from the River Thames, a good deal from the River Lea, and the remainder from wells sunk into the great natural chalk basin which lies under the whole surrounding district. The flow of the Thames depends largely upon the rainfall as far away from London as the Cotswold Hills, in Gloucestershire, and it drains a large part of the southern Midlands, so that it is not greatly affected except by widespread drought. Last year, however, the river fell to an alarmingly low level, and it has not yet recovered.

Wells That are Not Dry

The level of the water in the chalk basin is probably one of the most important factors in deciding whether we shall have an adequate supply this year. This water is stored water, dependent upon the rainfall of the past more than of the present, and it does not follow that because London was able to draw a good deal of water from wells during the worst of the drought last year it will again be able to do so this year.

The amount of water passing into the chalk last year, as shown by careful records, was exceptionally small, being even more remarkable than the records of rainfall. In places in Sussex and Hampshire no water reached the chalk after May up to at least the end of the year; and in some cases none was recorded after February. During all this time water was being lost from the chalk by pumping, by evaporation from plants, and by drainage into the sea.

London's Rainfall

The following figures represent the depth of rainfall over the part of the Thames Valley from which the London water supply is drawn, compared with the average amount:

1922	inches		inches	
January	3·30	..	1·10	more than average
February	2·90	..	·90	more than average
March	2·50	..	·20	more than average
April	2·80	..	1·00	more than average
May	1·10	..	·90	less than average

It is clear that we are in real danger of a water famine in rural districts where water cannot be properly saved up, and that care must be used not to waste any water in towns.

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SHADOW OF RUIN ON THE ALHAMBRA

RED CASTLE OF GRANADA

The Mighty Monument the Moors Set Up in Spain

EMPIRE PASSED AWAY

By Our Art Correspondent

People who are interested in beautiful things have heard with dismay that the Alhambra at Granada, in Spain, is threatened with ruin. The world cannot spare the Alhambra: it is too lovely to be allowed to die; and we hope that people with a little money to spare will help to keep this wonderful thing alive.

It is strange that at a time when Spain is fighting desperately in Morocco to keep the last crumbling remnant of her empire, the greatest monument the Moors gave to Spain should be crumbling to decay.

The mention of Granada and its castle-fortress takes us back to the early days of Spanish history, and reminds us of the civilisation which the Moors planted, like flowers, in Spain.

Wise Men from the East

In about the year 700 the Moors—a general name given to the Arabs, or Saracens, and various peoples of Roman, Greek, and Punic descent rose in great force and overran the Iberian peninsula. While Britons were living in rude wooden houses, these accomplished and beauty-loving people were making Spain the centre of European culture. For about 800 years they retained their hold on the country.

These men from the East brought their own industries to the land they had conquered—the weaving of silk cloths and carpets, the making of beautiful pottery. They planned and built magnificent towns, with gardens, libraries, and baths. Cordova, their greatest city, had 900 public baths, and these were afterwards demolished as relics of heathendom by Philip II. The Moors were advanced scientists for their times.

Europe's First Observatories

They built the first astronomical observatories in Europe, and the triumphant Spaniards, who were grossly superstitious and ignorant, turned their finest tower into a belfry.

The Alhambra, or Red Castle—a name given because of the colour of the outer-wall bricks—was built in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Its halls and sets of chambers lie about two beautiful courtyards, the Court of Myrtles and the Court of Lions.

The Moors knew the value of jewel-like colour and reflection, and the result is that a traveller, seeing the Alhambra for the first time, might easily think he was in fairyland.

In the centre of the Court of Myrtles is a small lake, bordered on two sides by myrtle hedges, and in its waters are reflected the lovely towers and arches that rise at each end.

Arches That Sing

The halls and towers that made up the Alhambra were in the interior rich beyond measure, and still show the signs of their ancient glory. The Moors loved arches of all kinds, and they threw them up in an apparently artless way, so that the eye was always gratified by the recurring lines.

Their religion forbade the use of the human figure in the decoration of their buildings, and instead they blended beautiful floral designs with geometric patterns in a very striking way. From the ceilings at the Alhambra they suspended sparkling stalactites. Nothing was spared to make their architecture give the effect of warmth and colour. It is as if the buildings were alive and happy.

Their airy arches fling themselves up to the light with a kind of abandon, as if they were singing a lyric song with one or two beautiful recurring lines.

HOW FAR CAN WE SEE?

Distant Views

SEEING THE FOUR KINGDOMS FROM ONE POINT

By a Travel Correspondent

Commenting on the clear sight of the French coast from Deal, a Tottenham correspondent remarks that from the Island of Sark he has seen the Island of Jersey, 22 miles distant, looking as if it were only two or three miles away.

The chief consideration in seeing things far away is the clearness of the atmosphere. Elevation comes far behind, though, of course, a height must be reached that will overlook surrounding heights. Often the most favourable times for seeing long distances are early morning and the evening shortly before light fades.

Snowy mountain masses, 100 miles away, can be seen with ease in Europe under favourable conditions. The view from the Superga, outside Turin, includes a semi-circle of 300 miles of snow-covered mountains.

From Snaefell, the highest summit in the Isle of Man, there can be seen simultaneously, in favourable hours, the Wicklow Hills and Mourne Mountains in Ireland, the Galloway Hills in Scotland, the Lake Mountains in England, and Snowdon in Wales. This involves a range of 130 miles east and west, and 150 miles north and south.

From Bardon Hill, or from Barrow Hill in the Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire, Lincoln Cathedral can at times be seen 60 miles away to the north-east, and the Malvern Hills 65 miles to the south-west—a range of vision over 125 miles, from a height of 900 feet.

But it is only at intervals that atmospheric conditions allow these greatly extended views, which surpass the visibility of the French coast from Kent.

A SAVAGE COMES TO TOWN

And Goes Home Again

NOT MUCH INTERESTED IN CIVILISATION

In the United States the descendants of the Red Indians, who inhabited the country before white men, live in what are called Reservations.

In one of these territories, in the State of Michigan, lives a Black Hawk Indian who is an educated man, drives a motor-car, can talk intelligently on most subjects, but prefers what is called savagery to civilisation.

An American friend who had stayed in his home, seen how he cultivated his land, watched him catch fish with almost miraculous skill, invited him to spend a few days in New York.

The Indian, whose name is Joe, saw the sights, walked about the streets with an observant eye, and at the end of a week said he would be glad to go home.

"Have you enjoyed yourself?" he was asked.

"Oh, yes!" he said. "I have been interested and I feel better for the change. But——" Then he hesitated.

His friend said "Go on."

"Well," continued Joe, "I used to feel hurt when you white people called my people savages, but if the life of a great city is civilisation, then it is an honour to be called a savage. I'm going back to be more savage than ever!"

He was half in fun; but his American friend, who knew what an honest, honourable, and decent life he and his people led, could see what he meant quite well, and understood that there was a great deal of truth in it.

FIRST PALESTINE BOND

The Jews were a nation so long ago that it surprises us to hear that bankers have just arranged the first municipal bond authorised by the Palestine Government. The amount is £80,000, and is for the town of Tel-Avist, near Jerusalem.

AMERICA FREEING ITSELF FROM DRINK

SOLICITOR-GENERAL GIVES THE FACTS

Less Idleness; More Efficiency, and Better Men

SAVING THE NEXT GENERATION

A remarkable statement has been made by Mr. James N. Beck, the United States Solicitor-General, on the working of Prohibition in America. It should convince all serious people, and it comes from the man who knows. Mr. Beck says, in the first place, that there is no doubt at all that

Prohibition has lessened idleness, promoted efficiency, increased thrift, and made men better husbands and fathers.

There is equally no doubt, he says, after two and a half years, that

If prohibition were now to be submitted to the people by referendum the best opinion is that the law would be overwhelmingly sustained.

The Solicitor-General does not deny that the great law which has secured these wonderful reforms is often broken; it is only to be expected that so far-reaching a change should be bitterly fought by its enemies. But all good citizens are on the side of keeping the law, and people in other countries must not be deceived by exaggerated reports in newspapers. A small group of people is making itself rich by selling alcohol in spite of the law, but the figures given by the Solicitor-General are truly astonishing.

The difficulties will pass, but there remains for ever the certainty that a generation is growing up in America who will be free from the desire for alcohol, and even now the figures given by Mr. Beck show that for every hundred dollars spent on drink before not five dollars are spent now.

The C.N. gladly gives Mr. Beck the hospitality of its columns for making these facts widely known.

THE LITTLE KNOBS

A Fashion and the Ears

HABIT WHICH MAY DO HARM

By Our Medical Correspondent

The fashion—which seems to be growing—of covering the ear with little knobs of hair has little to recommend it.

An ear, if dainty, is an ornament and therefore should not be hidden; and, even if it be not dainty, it is part of a wonderful organ of sense and should not be handicapped in its functions.

The flap of the ear is for the purpose of collecting and conveying sound-waves to the drum of the ear, and if it were not good and necessary it would not be so universal in the whole vertebrate world. To cover up the ear-flap is to hamper the sense of hearing, and if the orifice that leads to the drum be covered, there may in time follow considerable and permanent impairment of the sense of hearing. For, like all other organs, the ear is bound to suffer if disused or used inadequately.

The drum of the ear is a very delicate mechanism, with membrane, muscles, and bones all adjusted so as to vibrate in response to very faint sounds, and if it be covered up so that the fainter and tinier waves of sound fail to reach it, it will lose its sensitiveness, as fingers used only for coarse work lose their delicacy of action and touch and become clumsy and stiff.

Further, Nature left the ear open to air and light, as far as the drum, and if it be deprived of both, it will be rendered anaemic and less resistant to disease. So for several reasons the ear coiffure is a great mistake.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

MILLER'S CLEVER SON

Artist Who Painted Real Men and Women

UPS AND DOWNS OF REMBRANDT'S LIFE

July 9.	Archbishop Langton died at Slinden	1223
10.	John Calvin born at Noyon	1509
11.	Alexandria bombarded by the British	1882
12.	Julius Caesar born in Rome	B.C. 102
13.	Marat assassinated in Paris	1793
14.	Cardinal Mazarin born at Piscina	1602
15.	Rembrandt born at Leyden	1607

Rembrandt, the great seventeenth-century Dutch painter, was the son of a prosperous miller of Leyden. He was born, probably, on July 15, 1607. There is some doubt as to the year, for the details of the painter's life are not clearly recorded.



Rembrandt

His brothers were taught trades, but he wished to be an artist, and was placed under good tuition at the age of twelve. Till he was 23 years old he was diligent as a painter and etcher in Leyden, and then removed to Amsterdam, where he lived all the rest of his life.

Rembrandt never travelled, as most of the great painters did, to study other men's styles in painting. He developed his own methods. Though at one time he owned a fine collection of Italian art, he was not led to imitate the Italian types of pictures. He preferred to sketch ordinary character from real life, especially the aged, to produce portraits of leading Dutchmen of his day, and scenes illustrating the Bible.

Artist of Everyday Life

Rembrandt was the painter of everyday humanity, studied faithfully but tenderly. He did not confine himself to the beautiful or the romantic, but was equally content to picture the plain, simple, and homely. Even his imaginative paintings were not etherealised so that the figures in them were like beings from another world. They remained men and women with very human countenances.

Often he painted his family, his wife, and himself, sometimes as characters in a group, sometimes singly. Indeed, he can himself be traced in his pictures all through his life, till he was becoming a rugged old man. That life was sadly changeful.

In Amsterdam, Rembrandt became the popular painter of his day, with abundance of work, which he enjoyed industriously. He married a rich and handsome wife, and they were very prosperous and happy. But she died; and Holland became poor through troublous wars, so that people had less money to spend on art. His paintings, too, though they were more and more masterly, went out of fashion, and the art collection he had gathered at great cost was finally sold for little.

Rich Painter Becomes Poor

The great painter fell into poverty, gave up his fine house, and lived in a mean quarter of the city. But he continued to work industriously to the end, which came at the age of 62, when he was beginning to regain prosperity.

Rembrandt's pictures, drawings, and etchings number between fourteen and fifteen hundred, and all of them now have a considerable, and some a high, value. The Bible was almost the only book to which he went for subjects, his great source being the life he saw around him.

What strikes the onlooker first in his pictures is his use of light and shade. He was, perhaps, greater as an etcher than as a painter. His landscapes have been described as the beginning of modern landscape art. But his most pervading success is the character he could depict in quite simple folks, especially the aged

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MAN ATTACKED BY AN OWL

Faithful Mother Protects Her Young

TALE OF A MAN, A BIRD, AND A RAT

By Our Country Correspondent

A farmer in Gloucestershire climbed a tree to look at a nest of young owls, and was attacked and injured by the parent bird.

Owls have a great love for their young, and, though often regarded as cowardly birds, they will, in defence of their offspring, show a good deal of courage.

No doubt in this case the parent bird regarded the farmer as an enemy of her children, and that was why she made her fierce attack upon him. He, having his hands occupied in climbing, was unable to defend his face, and so suffered.

Even if the young are taken from the nest while the parent is away, she will follow them up, and seek to help them. Some young barn owls that had been captured in this way and tamed sufficiently to take food out of the hands of their owners, when hung outside the house at night were visited regularly by their parents, who fed them with the same care that they had bestowed upon their offspring in the nest.

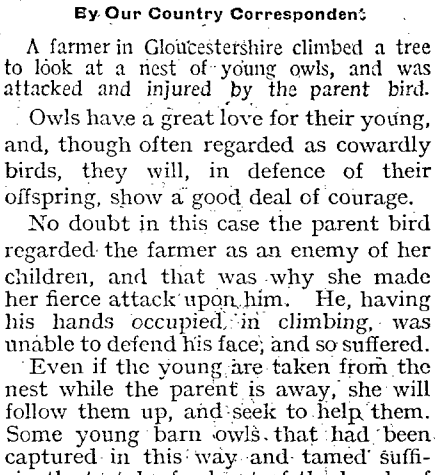
In another case a young owl that had been caught was shut up in a hen-coop, and every night for weeks its parents brought it some dainty morsel in the form of a moorhen or other creature. This could not be actually given to the captive owing to the bars of the coop, but it was laid down on the ground outside as near as was possible.

There is no danger whatever to be anticipated from owls unless they are interfered with when they have their young. The common British owls should most certainly be allowed to live, and most farmers now recognise this, for these birds do nothing but good, and if their numbers were to be reduced materially the farmer would be the first to suffer.

Owls destroy immense numbers of vermin, such as rats, mice, and voles; and the damage attributed to owls, such as the destruction of young pigeons and eggs, is nearly always the work of rats.

A man who shot an owl which he thought was stealing his young pigeons found that it was carrying not a pigeon but a rat. It was the rat that had carried off his birds.

THE MOON NEXT WEEK



The moon at 11.30 p.m., summer-time, on July 12

Newspaper Notes and Queries

What is a Gibbous Moon? One within a week of the full. The word means swelling out, and is a reference to the shape.

What is the meaning of Cheap Money? Money is said to be cheap when the demand for it by borrowers is small and there are many people willing to lend large amounts at low interest.

What do the initials V.D. mean? Volunteer officers' decoration conferred for meritorious services on officers who were in the old Volunteer force for 20 years or more.

PETER'S BRIDGE

RICHEST IN THE WORLD

A Monk and His Good Work Long Ago

FAMOUS HIGHWAY WITH A GREAT INCOME

The revenues of the Thames are being inquired into by an official committee, and some interesting facts emerge from the evidence.

In the old days the river revenue was chiefly from barges; now it is from pleasure. There are 57 regattas held every year on the Thames.

How many of the tens of thousands who every day cross London Bridge know that they are passing over one of the arches of the first stone bridge that spanned the river Thames, an arch constructed according to the plans of a twelfth-century monk named Peter of Colechurch?

Not long ago this arch was disclosed, complete and still firm after more than 700 years. Peter laid his foundations well and truly; he saw to it that there was no careless or scamped work in his bridge. London, when he planned his bridge, was little more than what we should now call a big village. He cannot have dreamed that it would ever grow into a city twenty miles long and fifteen miles broad with eight million people.

Bridge Receives Rent

In the whole world that Peter knew of there were not so many people as that! Yet he made his bridge to last for centuries and to support a great burden of people, and today he is held in honour and his work is praised as an example to architects, even after all these years.

Here is another interesting point about London Bridge. It is a property owner. The rents which the land belonging to it bring in amount to £150,000 a year.

But how can a bridge own property? Because in the past, citizens of London left property to the bridge, of which they were proud and which they wished never to fall into decay.

So when you next pass over London Bridge, and look eastward over the Port, with its tangle of shipping against the huge Tower Bridge, and westward where the sky brightens the water as the sun drops, recollect that something of Peter the Monk's work lies below you and also that you are treading on the richest bridge in the world.

SCHOOL WIRELESS

Listening to the World

A Kidderminster schoolboy sends us an interesting account of the school's wireless set and the way in which touch is kept with places far away.

The set was presented to the King Charles I. School, Kidderminster, by an enthusiastic friend. After describing the installation and its method of working, our correspondent adds these experiences.

The wireless telephone messages are the most interesting because they do not use the Morse Code. We hear the Croydon Aerodrome directing the cross-Channel aeroplanes every day, but we cannot pick up the replies, though we can usually follow the course through the messages we hear.

We hear the Hague concert every Sunday, and the English concerts on Tuesday evenings from the Marconi station at Writtle, in Essex, wonderfully loud and clear.

On week-day evenings we hear the Eiffel Tower talk, and it is very good practice in French—a form of lesson that is never tiring. We put the school-clock right by the Paris time-signals, and sometimes we take the weather reports.

Every school will have a wireless soon, for it is a source of great interest, always offering something new and of educational value. Though the initial outlay is considerable, maintaining the set is not costly.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card.

At What Pace Does a Moth Fly?
It is almost impossible to test the speed of a moth's zig-zag wavering flight.

Do Frogs and Newts Drink?
It is believed that they do not, but obtain moisture through their highly porous skin.

Can Elephants Swim?
Elephants swim superbly—low in the water, owing to their great bulk, but with ease and power, for long distances.

What is the Weight of Water?
A gallon of distilled water weighs ten pounds. A ton contains 224 gallons and measures nearly 36 cubic feet.

Do All Snakes Lay Eggs?
By far the greatest number of species do, but in some cases the eggs hatch before the mother snake lays them, so young snakes and not eggs are produced.

What Makes the Bird Inside the Egg?
Each egg contains a life-germ, and from that the little bird develops. The greater part of the egg is simply cradle and food for the chick as it forms.

Why Does a Frightened Hen Run Toward the Person Shooing Her?
In her confused fright she does not know quite what she does, and may run in any direction. Sometimes this will be toward the cause of alarm.

What Does a Palmer Worm Become?
This name is loosely applied to various fleshy grubs. Palmer worms are the larvae of beetles of different species, but all are vegetable feeders and harmful to growing plants and trees.

Can Monkeys Open Oysters?
There is no record of their doing so, but the Macacus cynomolgus, a monkey of Burma, uses a stone to smash the hinge-end of the oyster's shell, then pulls out the contents with its fingers.

Why Do Not Cuckoos Hatch Their Own Eggs?
One reason is that cuckoos do not, like most other birds, associate two and two together, form a home of their own, and settle down. They have no nest for their eggs, so use those of other birds.

At What Age Does a Parrot Begin to Talk?
It is difficult to say, because, rarely breeding in captivity, parrots are brought from abroad, and we do not know how old the adult birds which learn to talk are at the time of arrival.

Why Do Pheasants Make a Cackling Noise Before They Fly?
The cry is doubtless generally either an alarm or a signal enabling the birds to keep together, though challenges by the males may be included in the cries, as in the case of the notes that come from the rooster in the poultry run.

How Can a Garden be Cleared of Woodlice?
Certain poisons are sold for the purpose; frogs and toads eat many woodlice; slices of raw potato, put down overnight and collected in the morning, are found to be a lure. But the task of clearing a garden of woodlice is difficult.

Do Monkeys Ever Migrate?
Some species make long journeys in quest of food when home supplies fail, but this is not migration in the true sense. In India monkeys do really migrate, ascending the wooded Himalayas in summer, and descending at the coming of winter.

Can Chemists Improve the Food Supply? Certainly; and they are doing so all the time by means of artificial manures and in other ways. An interesting article on what the modern chemist is doing for the world, The New Aladdin and His Lamp, is given in My Magazine—the C.N. monthly—for July, now lying on the bookstalls with this paper.

VENUS COMING NEARER

PLANETS THAT PASS IN THE SKY

What Life on a Neighbouring World Would be Like

THE PULL OF GRAVITY

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The western sky is now particularly beautiful, adorned, as it is, with the brilliant Venus and Jupiter.

They appear to be getting much nearer to one another, and during the next few weeks it will be interesting to watch them get closer and closer, till by the end of August they will seem to pass one another.

Venus is by far the brightest object in the western sky and readily identified. Jupiter, the next brightest, being away to the left, toward the south-west.

Actually Venus is much nearer to us than to Jupiter, and she is rapidly getting nearer still. At present she is about a hundred million miles away, or a little farther off than the Sun; and Jupiter is 490 million miles off, over five times as far as the Sun.

Jupiter Moving Away

Moreover, Jupiter is receding from us, while Venus is rapidly getting closer, so that in six weeks' time she will be only a little over sixty million miles away. We see, therefore, that this beautiful object is gaining on us at the rate of nearly a million miles a day.

This will add greatly to her apparent brilliancy, and she will be a glorious object during August and September.

Her apparent size, also, will greatly increase, the relative proportions being shown in our star map, which also gives her changing appearance.

At present Venus is gibbous—that is, similar to our Moon when she is between the half and full moon—but as Venus gets closer she appears to lengthen from



Venus as she appears now — Venus as she will appear in six weeks

north to south. Her waist gets narrower, becoming ultimately a slender crescent, and finally vanishing altogether, just when she is at her nearest.

This state of things, due to Venus coming between us and the Sun, is responsible for our knowing so little about Venus, notwithstanding the fact that she comes nearer to us than any world, except, of course, the Moon.

If Venus were as close to us as the Moon, say about 240,000 miles away, she would appear to the naked eye a most resplendent object, nearly four times the width of our satellite, shining with a brilliancy three times greater; so that, taking into account the greater area of her disc, we should get rather more than forty times as much light, and our nights would be as bright as day.

If Venus Were as Near as the Moon

But if Venus were as close as the Moon we should have gigantic and possibly disastrous tides, for, whereas the pull of gravity on the Moon is only one-sixth that of the Earth, on Venus it is a little over four-fifths.

While six pounds, therefore, weighs only one pound on our satellite, on Venus six pounds would weigh just under five; so that we could live very comfortably on this lovely planet, where walking, running, jumping, and lifting would all come pleasantly easy to us, without being inconvenient, as on the Moon, where we should find ourselves leaping and skipping about in an amazing way. The effort we make here to take us up one stair at a time would there take us up six, and so on. G. F. M.

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MEN OF THE MIST

The Exciting Adventures of Two Boys Among the Indians

Told by T. C. Bridges, the C.N. Storyteller

CHAPTER 48

When the Storm Broke

"WHAT can it be?" gasped Clem, as he braked the reel and tried hard to control the struggles of the unseen monster. "It can't be a trout. It must weigh twenty pounds."

"Bart says there are trout quite as big as that in this lake," Billy told his brother. "He calls them Dolly Vardens."

"I can't do a thing with him," said Clem. "Paddle harder, Billy. He's still taking line off the reel. Oh, help! What's he doing now? I do believe he's going right down to the bottom of the lake."

"Hang on!" cried Billy, as excited as Clem himself. "Hang on! He can't go very much deeper. Ah, there he's coming up again. Reel! Reel for all you're worth."

Clem reeled in line as hard as ever he could go, and had gained ten or fifteen yards when up came the great fish to the surface, and flung itself a yard into the air.

"It's a yard long!" exclaimed Clem as it fell back with a resounding splash.

"And what gorgeous scarlet spots!" replied Billy. "It's a a trout right enough, Clem, and we must have him."

"It's going to be a rare fight," panted Clem, as the big fish went off as fast as before. "I say, he's taking us right out into the middle."

Five minutes passed, and in spite of Clem's best efforts the great trout was still his master. Do what he would, he could get no more line back; indeed he had lost some of that which he had previously gained. Then, quite suddenly, the sunlight was cut off just as if a curtain had been drawn across it, and the water, just now so brilliantly blue, took on a dull, leaden tinge.

At last Billy looked up.

"I say, Clem, look at that cloud!" he cried. "It's simply galloping up. I don't like it a bit."

But Clem was too busy to turn. His rod was almost double, and his whole mind was set upon the problem of how long his tackle would stand this fearful strain.

Just then the monster trout jumped again, then made a fresh dash, fairly ripping line off the reel.

But this rush did not last as long as the first, and presently Clem was really reeling in.

"He's tiring!" he exclaimed in triumph. "We'll have him in a minute or two, Billy."

"If that storm doesn't have us first," said Billy uneasily.

The moaning sound came again, and this time both the brothers heard it.

"Clem, there's a regular buster coming," said Billy quite sharply. "We must get back to the shore."

But for once, Clem, usually the cautious one of the pair, was too excited to think of danger.

"In two minutes, Billy," he answered. "He's pretty well fagged out. Get the gaff ready. You'll have to be jolly careful about getting him into the canoe, or he'll upset us."

As he spoke, the great trout, exhausted by its struggles, was already on its side. Clem reeled in rapidly, and Billy got the gaff ready. Slipping it deftly under the fish, he gave one quick lift, and the splendid fish lay flopping in the bottom of the canoe.

"Isn't it splendid?" cried Clem. "Won't Dad be pleased? He loves grilled trout."

But Billy did not answer. He had picked up the paddle and was driving the canoe back toward the shore as hard as he could go.

Clem looked up, and what he saw frightened him. The sky to the north-east was black as night, and the mountain tops were veiled in writhing mists, while the upper air was full of an ugly, moaning sound. He glanced at the shore, still quite half a mile away. Then he, too, snatched up a paddle and set to work.

It was too late. All in a flash a shrieking blast descended upon the lake; it spun the canoe like a bubble and sent her skimming in the opposite direction. For a few moments the two boys worked like furies to keep her head into the wind. It was quite useless, and Clem saw it.

"It's no good, Billy," he cried. "We've got to let her drive."

CHAPTER 49

Driving to Destruction

THE speed with which the weather had changed was simply paralysing. When Clem had hooked his fish a warm autumn sun had shone on calm, blue water; now a shrieking gale was lashing steel-coloured waves, and sending the grey spray dashing across the canoe, while the air above was full of rushing grey mist.

Clem realised to the full the danger.

"I was a selfish idiot, Billy," he said bitterly.

But Billy would have none of it.

"Nonsense, old man! You never saw. It was my fault. I ought to have told you. However, it's not a bit of good apologising to one another. After all, it only means running down to the end of the lake and taking shelter till this gale is over."

"If we can——" began Clem, then cut himself short.

"If we can ever do it," he had been going to say, but what was the use of scaring Billy? He knew what a sea gets up on these mountain lakes, and how frail a craft the canoe was, and he was doubtful whether the canoe could live, or whether she would not be swamped by the quickly rising waves. The only thing was to keep her going so that she would not be "pooped," that is, overtaken by a wave, and with that idea in his head he paddled as hard as he could.

Driven by two paddles as well as the furious gale, the canoe fairly flew down the lake; but the worst of it was that the farther they went the higher grew the waves—very short waves, but for that reason all the more dangerous. They came hissing up astern, each one curling dangerously over the stern and some breaking partly over her.

Icy water began to lap in the bottom of the canoe.

"You'll have to bale, Billy," shouted Clem; and Billy, dropping his paddle, set to baling frantically.

Now the whole handling of the canoe was left to Clem, and it was almost beyond him. Yet he kept his head and stuck to it gallantly. Again and again he cast longing glances at the banks, but he had to admit that it was out of the question to turn the canoe one way or the other. If he tried it she would swamp at once.

On and on they drove. The village was out of sight, hidden in the driving storm haze and spindrift. All they could see were the dark waves leaping after them like wolves hungry to swallow them, and the banks dim on each side.

It had turned bitterly cold all of a sudden, but this Clem hardly noticed. Furious paddling kept him warm enough. Presently he noticed that the banks seemed plainer to sight. He knew what this meant—that they were getting near to the lower, or western, end of the lake.

But this gave him no comfort, for here the banks rose into towering cliffs, and, even if it had been possible to drive across the wind, there would be no landing-place. Higher and higher they rose, and narrower and narrower grew the lake, until the boys were driving through a gut not more than five or six hundred yards wide.

Yet here the wind was stronger than ever. Its whole force seemed to be concentrated in this funnel, and it blew with a shrieking fury impossible to describe.

Clem's heart went cold within him, for it seemed to him that they were in a trap from which there was no escape. The canoe would at last be driven to the very end of the ever-narrowing gap, and be dashed against the rock face. The first blow would break the frail craft to match-wood, and he and Billy would be left to drown in the icy waves.

Billy, too, saw only too clearly what was happening.

"Can you shove her over one side or the other, Clem?" he shouted above the roar of the wind and waves. "If we don't land soon it seems to me we shan't be able to at all."

"I'll try," Clem answered. "Bale hard, Billy."

Seizing his chance, he tried to drive the canoe to the right, where he fancied he could see a rock point projecting out into the waves. But, the moment he began to turn her, a wave-top smashed in over her stern, leaving six inches of water washing about inside her.

"Straighten her!" shrieked Billy; and just in time Clem forced her back.

Even then it was touch and go. If it had not been for Billy's desperate baling the canoe would certainly have sunk, but he sent the water flying out of her, while Clem paddled hard, and presently she was riding dry again.

But with every minute the gut through which they were rushing grew more and more narrow, while on either side the dark cliffs towered up until lost in the mist of the storm.

"Where are we going, Clem?" cried Billy panting with exertion.

"I can't tell any more than you. Still, we've kept afloat so far."

"Looks to me as if there was a bit of a curve just beyond," said Billy. "If we can get round that we shall be out of the worst of the wind."

"You're right. There's a chance for us still," answered Clem.

The sight filled him with fresh hope and energy, and he paddled harder than ever.

At the curve was a great shoulder of rock projecting out into the deep water; and the waves were leaping up it to the height of a man. With a last desperate effort Clem managed to drive the canoe around it, and the result was like a miracle. In the twinkling of an eye they were out of the terrible rush and roar of the wind, and floating on long, smooth rollers.

CHAPTER 50

Into the Darkness

"OH, Clem, what luck!" cried Billy.

But Clem could not answer. Absolutely worn out by his terrific efforts he had shipped his paddle and was lying forward, his head on his knees, panting for breath.

Billy remembered the water-bottle packed with their sandwiches in the basket under the stern. He found it, poured some water into a cup and made Clem drink it.

Clem drank it up. Soon his heart ceased to pound, and he began to breathe more easily. It was just as he handed the cup back to Billy that he noticed how rapidly the canoe was still travelling.

The shoulder of rock was already fifty yards away, and the canoe was simply flying along the foot of the tall cliff which rose like a black wall above them.

"Look, Billy! Look at the pace she's moving!" he exclaimed.

"Phew, I should think she was!" replied Billy, snatching up a paddle.

Clem did the same, and they both set to work to turn the canoe and drive her back to the eddy behind the shoulder.

After four or five minutes of hard paddling they were exactly in the same spot. Their combined efforts were just enough to hold the canoe against the current. To save their lives they could not regain a yard.

"Clem," panted Billy at last, "I'm almost done."

"So am I," groaned Clem. "I say, what are we to do?"

"Let her rip," said Billy recklessly. "We shall have to do that sooner or later, and I vote we do it now, and save our strength for whatever is coming."

"I expect you are right. It's the only thing to do," Clem answered, and as he spoke he stopped paddling.

At once the mill-race current seized the canoe, and she shot away toward the unknown almost as fast as a man could run.

"Where on earth are we going?" asked Billy, as he stared at the deep black water, now hardly wider than a canal, and at the huge black cliffs that towered threateningly on either side.

"Where *under* the earth, you'd better say," replied Clem, with a grim edge to his voice. "Look there! Look in front. This is where the big lake drains out, and if I'm not much mistaken it goes right underground."

Billy sat, still as stone, staring.

Clem was right, for a little way beyond the cliffs closed together, and the smooth black water along which they were helplessly speeding vanished in a torrent beneath a tall, narrow arch.

A vision of driving helplessly down into those unknown depths made shivers, cold as ice, course down Billy's spine, and suddenly he snatched up his paddle.

"Paddle, Clem!" he shouted, and his voice echoed terribly up and down between the great walls of rock which encompassed them.

"It's no good, Billy," replied Clem, quite calmly. "Ten men couldn't hold her against this rush. Steady, old chap! Don't funk it. We've got to take our chance. Keep her well in the centre and hold her to it."

As he spoke the canoe darted in under the lofty arch. Next moment she had tilted slightly and was racing down into utter blackness at an incredible speed.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Five-Minute Story

Chums

"OF course," said Peter, "you are splendid—for a girl. But there are such lots of things you can't do. Now, for instance, if you were a boy we could find a ladder and some tools; I'm sure the pigeons' place will be blown down if this wind lasts, and it ought to be seen to. But girls hate going out in a gale."

"I'd love to," cried Noreen, jumping up.

Peter grinned.

"Really?" he questioned.

"Really," said Noreen, and followed quite gaily in search of ladder and tools. Peter took the ladder.

"Take care not to mix the nails," he warned. "Hold the box straight."

Noreen obeyed.

Ow! The wind blew her curls into her eyes so that she nearly tumbled headlong over a tree-root. She only saved the nails by falling on one hand.

"Hurt?" asked Peter.

"No," declared Noreen, biting her lip.

The pigeon-loft was certainly in a wobbly condition. So was the ladder, which would not allow itself to be fixed securely.

"It'll have to do," said Peter. "Hold on tight, Noreen."

With tools in his hand, Peter scrambled up.

"Steady!" he cried. "Don't leave go, Noreen, whatever you do, or I shall fall."

Then he began to hammer. It would have been a jolly enough job on a still day, but the wind was rising to a hurricane. If Noreen relaxed her hold he must certainly fall.

Noreen set her teeth and held on tightly.

Peter was enjoying himself. When it was all over he came down cautiously—with the tools in his pocket this time.

He glanced at Noreen and was surprised to see how white she looked.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "You don't mean to say you were *frightened?*"

He laid stress, in some disgust, on the last word.

Noreen flushed faintly.

"I—I hurt my wrist a bit," she said.

Peter stood still.

"Let me look at it," he commanded.

Guiltily Noreen displayed a sprained and swollen wrist.

"When," asked Peter, "did you do it?"

"It was when I was carrying the nails," confessed Noreen.

"You mean to say," said Peter slowly, "you held the ladder all that time with a sprained wrist?"

"Ye-es," said Noreen.

Peter did not say anything for a few moments; then he spoke.

"I'm sorry I said that about girls, Noreen," he said, almost humbly. "Most *boys* couldn't have done it. You're perfectly topping."

And at such praise Noreen smiled in great content.

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The Desert Shall Rejoice and Blossom as the Rose

Dr MERRYMAN

THE steamer was just leaving Athens, and a passenger approached and addressed a member of the crew.

"Can you tell me what is that white stuff on those hills, please?"

"Snow, miss," replied the sailor.

"Oh! And I was just told it was Greece!" was the innocent retort.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

WHAT is that from which you take away the whole and yet some is left?

Whole-some.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

A Terrible Dream

A YOUNG man of far Nicaragua
Once said to his wife, "What a rag you are!"
"Well, you'd look a fright,"
She replied, "if each night
You dreamed you were chased by a jaguar!"

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

The Puzzle of the Bricks

A SMALL boy, playing with his bricks one day, had placed thirty-six of them as seen here.

His elder brother, Harry, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, noticed that several names of great men of the past were hidden among these letters. But to spell them he only used letters in adjoining squares, either up, down, or diagonally, and when a letter appeared together twice, as in Pitt, the same square was used for both.

Y	P	H	A	I	P
R	C	L	D	T	R
U	S	R	O	W	E
P	E	A	I	M	L
I	L	C	U	G	O
T	E	H	A	M	H

Pitt will be seen in the top right-hand corner, and again in the lower left-hand corner.

Harry was able to find many other names, and a list of several will be given next week.

How many can you find?

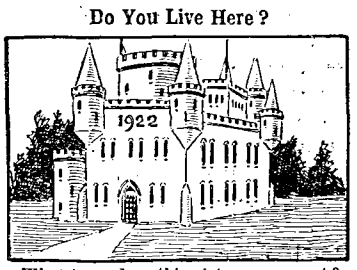
⊡ ⊡ ⊡

WHY are cowardly soldiers like butter?

Because, when exposed to fire, they run.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Do You Live Here?



What town does this picture represent?
Solution next week

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

WHAT is always behind time?

The back of a clock.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Is Your Name Philpot?

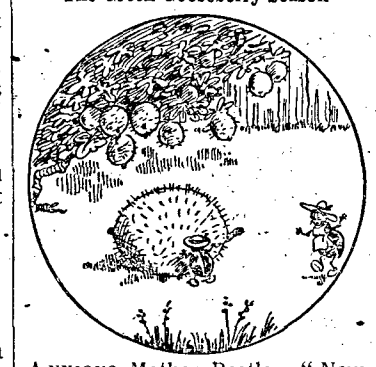
PHILPOT, originally spelt Philipot, is simply a diminutive form of Philip, and means Little Philip. No doubt it was given originally to someone whose Christian name was Philip, and who was small or young, to distinguish him from some other Philip. The Christian name Philip means a lover of horses.

WHAT is the difference between photography and the influenza?

One makes facsimiles and the other makes sick families.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

The Green Gooseberry Season



ANXIOUS Mother Beetle: "Now, remember, Billie, only one! More might make you ill."

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Mildred's and Mary's Nature Notes

Cockroaches

WE see them in the kitchen,
Alive and bronzy-red,
On certain yellow posters
We see them lying dead.
And, oh! they're dreadful vermin
For little folk to meet,
And worse, a deal, to tread on
In bare or stockinged feet.

We found one in a slipper
At Grandmamma's last year,
And Mary went in 'sterics,
And laughed and screamed with fear—
Although we knew a sailor,
Aboard a Chinese sloop,
Who never even minded
A crushed one in his soup.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

The Basket of Eggs

"GUESS how many eggs I have here?" said Dora to her brother John, as she held on high a basket, on her return from the farmyard.

"Forty," ventured John.

"No," returned Dora. "But if I had half as many again, plus half of that half, and then five more, I should have forty."

How many eggs were there in the basket? *Solution next week*

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

WHEN is a chair badly treated?

When you have it caned simply because it cannot bear you.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

The Man for a Run

THERE was a time when men-o'-war were commanded by boatswains, who were called batsmen. We take it that they were useful in splicing, and not afraid to stand up to any Tom Bowling. It is good to know that this admirable custom is kept up on the training ship Mercury, commanded by C. B. Fry. He's the man for a good run.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

The Resourceful Ferryman

He first took the goat across, then returned for the cabbages; he left them on the other side, and took the goat back. He then left her and took the wolf across; he left the wolf with the cabbages, and went back for the goat.

What Names Are These?

Edwin, Madeline, Amelia, and George

A Well-Known Verse

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Who Was He?

The Great Admiral was Lord Rodney

Jacko Makes a Discovery

JACKO came in one day, flung himself into a chair, and picked up the paper.

His eyes ran carelessly down the pages till he caught sight of a paragraph that made him suddenly sit up straight.

He read the words a second time, exclaimed "Snakes alive!" and sprang to his feet.

There was no mistake. It was as plain as a pikestaff. Somebody was advertising for Belinda's Joe. If he called on a lawyer, it said, at a certain address, he would hear something to his advantage.

"Money!" said Jacko. "Someone's left our Joe a fortune!"

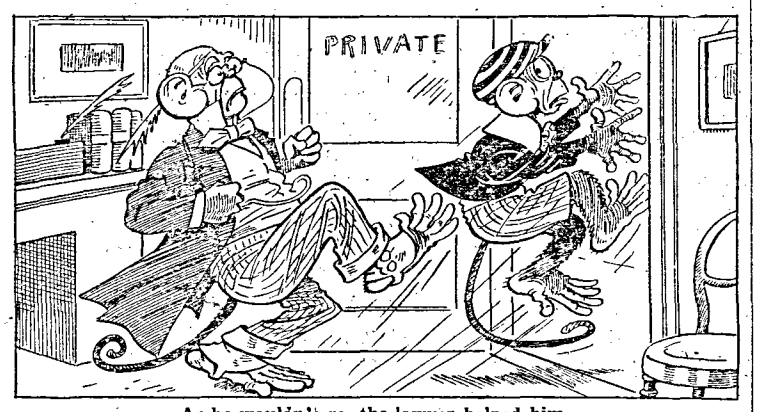
Jacko was sure he knew all about it. Of course, it was that queer chap in Australia whom Joe was always talking about. Joe had saved his life once, and now he'd died and left him all his money.

"Coo! What luck!" exclaimed Jacko. "Won't Belinda swank!" And away he went to tell them all about it.

But when he got to the house he was surprised to find it shut up. He banged and shouted, but nobody came.

"Belinda's gone out for the day," grumbled Jacko. "What a nuisance! Now I suppose I'll have to wait till tomorrow."

But Jacko wasn't very good at waiting; and, when he found he had enough money in his pocket to take him to town, he



As he wouldn't go, the lawyer helped him

decided to go off to the lawyer straight away and find out all about it.

He got there fast enough, but he had to wait for quite a time before he was taken into the great man's room.

He went in like a whirlwind, sat down abruptly, and stuck his elbows on the table. "How much is it?" he asked.

"Eh? What?" exclaimed the lawyer. He was a nice old gentleman, with a shiny pate and enormous spectacles. In his surprise the spectacles fell off. By the time he had recovered them Jacko had got out the newspaper and was pointing to the amazing paragraph.

"I say!" he began. "This isn't a joke, is it?"

"A joke!" exclaimed the lawyer indignantly. "*I* shouldn't call £5000 a joke, young man."

Jacko fell off his chair and collapsed in a heap on the carpet.

"My hat!" he murmured faintly. But he soon recovered.

"Here!" he cried, struggling to his feet. "Give it over, there's a good chap. I'll give them the surprise of their lives—I'll give it 'em right enough," he added, as he caught sight of the look of astonishment on the old gentleman's face.

The old gentleman got up.

"I don't know who you are," he said severely, "but I'll thank you to leave my office and go and play your tricks somewhere else."

"You *are* an old spoil-sport," cried Jacko indignantly.

"Get!" said the lawyer. And as Jacko took no notice he lifted his foot—and helped him.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

A Dog's Friend

While playing with his dog along the edge of a river in Minnesota a little eight-year-old boy missed his footing and fell into the stream.

He was swept twenty feet from the shore before he came to the surface, but as soon as his dog caught sight of him the faithful animal jumped into the water and swam to the rescue. The youngster was able to catch hold of the dog's hind legs, and was dragged to a floating cake of ice.

Meanwhile, men on the shore had procured a rope, and the child and his dog were hauled safely ashore.

L'Ami d'un Chien

En jouant avec son chien sur le bord d'une rivière du Minnesota, un garçonnet de huit ans fit un faux-pas et tomba dans l'eau.

Il se trouva entraîné à vingt pieds de la berge avant de revenir à la surface. Toutefois, à l'instant où son chien l'aperçut, le fidèle animal sauta dans l'eau et nagea à son secours. L'enfant put se cramponner aux pattes de derrière de l'animal qui l'entraîna jusqu'à un glaçon flottant.

Pendant ce temps des hommes sur la berge s'étaient procuré une corde avec laquelle ils amenèrent à terre l'enfant et son chien.

Tales Before Bedtime

Billy

IT all happened the day that Mother and Daddie went to town on business, and the children were left alone—except, of course, for old Mary, who was always there.

So you may imagine how they squealed with joy when Uncle Ted's jolly face came suddenly round the garden gate and Uncle Ted's cheery voice called out "Anybody at home?"

"Yes, we are!" cried Mab and Jimmy together.

"What shall we do?" asked Uncle Ted, when he had been round the garden and seen the chickens and the ducks, and Mab's new kitten and Jimmy's rabbits.

"Play kangaroos," said Jimmy promptly—Uncle Ted made a splendid kangaroo.

They spent the morning in the garden, and then came lunch, and after lunch Uncle Ted told them about the circus. That was really what he had come for—to take them to the circus.

As they dashed out of the room to get their hats they bumped into old Mary.

"The goat's out," she cried, "and I can't catch him. The naughty little thing will ruin the garden if you don't hurry."

The children didn't wait to hear any more. They knew what Billy could do to the hedges, to say nothing of mother's choice rose trees.

They were after him like lightning, and soon they had him fast. They were tying him up securely when Uncle Ted called out to say that his pocket-book was gone. So, after hunting Billy, they set to work to hunt the missing pocket-book.

"It must have fallen out when we were playing kangaroos," said Mab. "It ought to be on the lawn."

But it wasn't. Uncle Ted found it in the end, tossed behind a shrub, but so battered and broken that he hardly recognised it.



The children were after him

The children were horrified. Who could have done it?

Uncle Ted knew.

"Billy," he said. "And the little beggar has eaten up all my papers, including four ten-shilling notes!"

It was quite true, for they found some tiny pieces in the rascal's beard.

They got to the circus at last; but, thanks to Billy, Uncle Ted had to borrow from old Mary before he could pay for their seats.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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A COW'S NOSE-PRINT · OIL-WELL IN THE SEA · AIRMAN FIGHTS CATERPILLARS



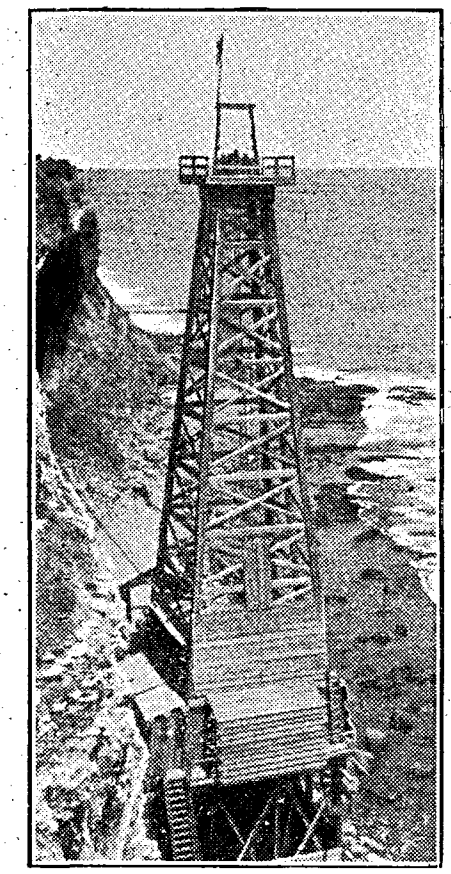
A Citizen of Great Renown—Sir Jesse Boot, who has given part of his fortune back to Nottingham for public uses



Abraham Lincoln's Son—Mr. Robert Lincoln, son of the immortal President of the United States, watching the unveiling of the Lincoln Memorial at Washington



Chief Scout and Peter—Sir Robert Baden-Powell and his son Peter going to Charterhouse School for Old Boys' Day



Oil-well Under the Sea—A new oil-well at Point Firmin, California, which at high tide is always covered by the sea



Taking a Cow's Nose-print—In America farmers are now taking nose-prints of their cows for identification purposes instead of branding them, and the plan is being followed in England, as shown here. No two cows, it is said, have the same nose-print



Fighting Caterpillars — The first aeroplane used in England for fighting caterpillar pests spraying insecticide on a Kent fruit garden



Cambridge Girl Students Preparing for Their Boat-race—These Newnham College students are practising on the Thames for their boat-race against the girls of a London medical school



Building Their Own Canoes—Boy Scouts of a Hertfordshire troop are very successfully building their own canoes in their spare time under the instruction of their scout-master

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